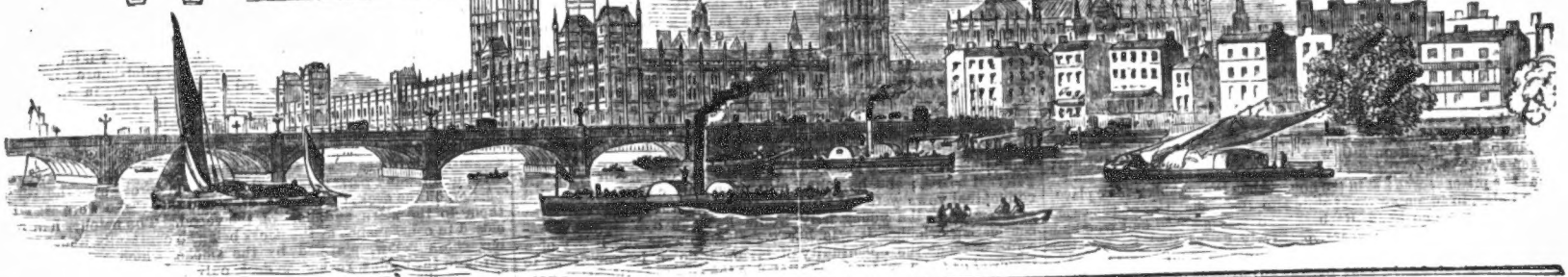


John Duck 313 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 97.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

ONE PENNY.



EASTER MONDAY AT BRIGHTON.—VOLUNTEERS BIVOUACING. (See page 707.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, some persons who had taken advantage of the first trip of the season from Birmingham to visit Warwick and Leamington were enjoying themselves by rowing on the river Avon, and among them were four lithographic artists from Messrs. Billing, Son, and Co.'s extensive printing works in the first-named town. These young men had engaged a four-oared gig, and they were changing positions within sight of Warwick Castle, but some distance from the nearest habitation, when the boat was tilted on one side, and the water let in. Alfred Kidd (a married man) and William Knock both sank to be seen no more alive. Foster Wares, the only one able to swim, got out, and seeing Arthur Buncher, the remaining member of the party, clinging to the half-swamped boat, he again plunged in, bringing him to terra firma which both regained in a very exhausted condition. These two were just able to crawl to the nearest thoroughfare, without being fit to return to Birmingham as bearers of the news of their companions' fate. The bodies of the latter were not recovered till a considerable time had elapsed, owing to the depth of the river at the point where the accident took place. Mr. Billing's son was drowned in the same river some years ago, but the above is the first fatality connected with the "Saturday afternoon excursions" from Birmingham.

THE trial of Pelizzoni for stabbing Rebbeck, the potman at the public-house on Saffron-hill, was brought to a close on Saturday, when several witnesses were examined for the defence, and stated that the prisoner was not in the house when the stabbing took place. The judge, in summing up, pointed to the difficulties of the case, where on the one hand Rebbeck who was stabbed and who had known the prisoner for years, positively swore that he was the person that stabbed him, while other witnesses who knew the prisoner still better, swore that he was not present in the fray. The jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty." As it was agreed on all hands that the person who stabbed Rebbeck was also the murderer of Harrington, this is in effect a verdict of acquittal of a crime of which another jury found him guilty and another judge sentenced him to death.

EARL COWPER proceeded on Monday, the 17th, to Copenhagen to invest his Majesty the King of Denmark with the Order of the Garter. His lordship is accompanied by Lord Hamilton, the Hon. A. Evelyn Ashley, the Hon. James F. Stuart Wortley, Colonel Harvey Tower, and the Hon. E. Scott Gifford, secretary to the special mission. Sir Charles Young, Garter, joined with his lordship in the mission. He is accompanied by Mr. William Courthope Somerset, and Mr. Albert William Woods, Lancaster Herald, the former of whom is secretary to the Garter mission. The Earl of Sefton proceeds on the same day, in the Edgar, from Portsmouth to Lisbon, to invest the King of Portugal in like manner. His lordship is accompanied by General Lord Henry H. M. Percy, Colonel Dudley Wilmot Carleton, and Mr. Charles S. A. Abbott, secretary to the special mission; Mr. Walter Aston Blount, Norroy King of Arms (acting for Garter), is accompanied by Mr. James Robinson Planché, Rouge Croix, secretary to the Garter mission, and Mr. George E. Adams, Rouge Dragon.

On Monday evening the sheriff received a communication from the Home-office, notifying that her Majesty had been pleased to grant a pardon to the prisoner Serafini Pelizzoni, and he was immediately afterwards discharged from custody.

On Monday Mr. Lankester held an inquest at the Feathers, Great Winton-street, Drury-lane, touching the death of John Wilks, 89, a fisher, who on the Wednesday previous destroyed his life at his father's house, 140, Drury-lane, by swallowing a quantity of cyanide of potassium. The evidence showed that not long ago his wife died, and left him with four young children. He had been lately in a very depressed state of mind, and was frequently absent from his business. When he was away from home he gave way to excessive drinking. The last time he left he was absent above a week. This caused great anxiety to his friends, who circulated handbills for his discovery, which led to his return home on Tuesday week. On the following day he went to his work, at which he was engaged till the afternoon of the Wednesday. He then suddenly left, and was not again seen till he was found in the kitchen by his brother-in-law. Life appeared extinct, when a medical gentleman (Mr. Falkner) was sent for, who found that he was suffering from the effects of swallowing a quantity of cyanide of potassium, a jar containing some portion of which was found near his side, and from the effects of which he died. Verdict, "Temporary insanity."

SINGULAR DREAM AND DEATH, BY DROWNING, OF A CLEGGYMAN.

On Wednesday week, the Rev. Stephen Barclay Drury, an unmarried clergyman of twenty-six, who has for about twelve months acted as the curate of Phillack and Gwithian, had a conversation with the brother of the rector of those parishes, Mr. Charles Hookin, and related a dream which he described as a very singular one, and as having made a deep impression on him. His words were, "I dreamt I was to be buried, and I followed my coffin into the church, and thence to the tomb. I took no part in the service, and when we came to the tomb I looked into it and saw it was very nice. I then asked the undertaker who was to be buried, and he answered, 'You.' I then said, 'I am not to be buried—I am not dead.' The undertaker then said, 'I must be paid for the coffin,' upon which I awoke." On Sunday morning and afternoon Mr. Drury officiated at Gwithian, and, after the second service, remained with the children to practise singing. Returning to his lodgings in Gwithian at half-past four, he waited a little, took with him Thomas a Kempis "Christian Pattern," and set out for a walk, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog. He asked for a bit of cord, as he might give the dog a dip, and started in his usually cheerful and happy mood. In an hour and a half the dog returned with the cord round his neck. Mr. Drury was never again seen alive. His absence, throughout the night, occasioned no surprise, as he sometimes went to, and slept at, Copperhouse, two miles off. On Monday morning a Gwithian miner, in quest of sea-weed at low water, near the rocky shore of Godrevy, saw a body in a pool seventy or eighty yards from the sea. Mr. Drury's gold chain was about his neck and his watch-case; the workings of the watch had, apparently, been knocked out by the sea. His book was in his coat pocket; his hat was gone; and his pockets were filled with sand. The body was forty yards from rocks about thirty feet high, and a pathway led from the precipitous cliffs above to these rocks. There was a cut over the right eye and in the head—such cuts as, in the opinion of experienced men, would be caused by a fall on rocks. Mr. Drury was quite dead and stiff. An inquest, under the county coroner, was held on Tuesday, at Gwithian, when these circumstances were elicited, and a verdict was returned of "Found drowned." From the facts, however, that Mr. Drury had never shown the least sign of depression, that he started with the expressed intention of giving the dog a dip, and that he was very near-sighted, the general inference is that the unfortunate gentleman slipped on the rocks, was stunned, fell into the water, and so casually and singularly fulfilled his strange dream of a few days previously.—*Cornish Telegraph*.

ANOTHER NEW OPENING FOR FEMALE LABOUR.—At Vienna, a corps of female commissionaires has been organized. One branch of the duties they undertake to perform is the writing of letters for those of their sex who do not possess calligraphic accomplishments. This will no doubt be a most agreeable duty, as in its performance they will naturally become acquainted with a few choice secrets.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

Among the petitions read in the French Senate was one from M. Buret-Copin, a proprietor, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, complaining that the sisters of the Reclus, a conventual establishment in that town, taking advantage of a short absence of his from home, had, by "tricks and artifices" induced his daughter, a girl only just of age, to run away, and that she had ever since remained in the convent in spite of all his efforts to induce her to return. The petitioner believed that the object of the convent in stealing his daughter was to get possession of a piece of land contiguous to their establishment, which, as the law stood, must come to her after his death. In order to check such manoeuvres, which often drove families to despair, he prayed that article 918 of the Code Napoleon might be altered so as to give the father of a family a right to disinherit any child who against his consent should become a member of a religious community. Of course the Senate, whose Catholic sentiments shone forth brilliantly in the debate on the address, gave no countenance to this petition. The reporter, while saving appearances by the admission that it was a sad thing for a father to lose his child just as she was of an age to be a solace and a joy to him, and to repay with intelligent gratitude and affection his care in bringing her up, intimated that, perhaps after all, Mademoiselle Buret-Copin might have had good and sufficient reasons for leaving the paternal hearth; and he relied also upon this consideration, that conventual vows were not now perpetual, and that after the lapse of a few years the young lady would have an opportunity of reconsidering whether it was her vocation to wear the habit of a nun. He took the opportunity of laying it down in opposition to the *droit de tester*, which was agitated in the Chamber the other day, that the right of the child to inherit the property of its father and mother is, according to the spirit of the Code Napoleon, "natural, inviolable, and absolute." The "order of the day" was voted without discussion.

ITALY.

The *Nazione* of Florence contains the following:—"The brigand chief Tamburini, who was handed over to us by the French, has now completely broken through all his reserve, and pours forth the most bitter invectives against his employers at Rome, especially the Conte d'Aquila (uncle of the ex-King of Naples), who is the soul of the party. This brigand, when he took refuge in the patrimony of St. Peter, carried with him the sum of 30,000 francs (£1,200), wrung from the victims of his ferocious depredations, with heaven knows how many heartrending groans, and stained with the blood of the numbers that he had sacrificed to his love of gold. On arriving at Rome he found in the Conte d'Aquila a Maecenas who saved him several times from the French handoffs. This Tamburini, seeing himself in continual danger of being captured, determined at least to save his money, and thought the best thing he could do would be to entrust it to his protector, who took such good care of the treasure that he would not even return it to its owner. A noble struggle this between prince and brigand! The way the matter terminated was, that Tamburini, completely running out of money, followed in desperation the counsel of the prince, viz., to put himself at the head of another band and once more try his fortune. He left Rome, therefore, but with the French gendarmes at his heels, having been informed against by his old master, who doubtless thought that the musket ball would soon discharge him from his debt without further trouble. Fate, however, frustrated this amiable intention; Tamburini is in good health, and, what is more, is quite determined to fully unburden his conscience."

SPAIN.

There has been a fatal riot in Madrid. The Government had found it necessary to dismiss the rector of the University, and to appoint a successor. The students demanded permission to serenade their former rector. The request was acceded to, but the police having ascertained that the serenade was to have been by excuse for a political manifestation, the permission was withdrawn; yet, despite the prohibition, masses of the people gathered round the gates of the University, uttering threats against "inviolable persons." The authorities repaired in haste to the Puerta del Sol, the troops were called out, and a small detachment, "certainly not exceeding 1,000 men, cavalry and infantry," occupied the disaffected quarter. Shots were fired, and several persons slain. An act of great heroism took place during the riot of the Calle del Arsenal. It appears that the military were about to fire upon a large number of persons assembled at that point, when a priest suddenly threw himself before the people, and extending his arms entreated the officer in command to order his men to fire upon him rather than spread death among so many inoffensive persons, many of whom were women and children casually passing by. The officer, moved by the earnest appeal of the worthy priest and the sacred character of the intercessor, desisted from his purpose, and the crowd quietly dispersed.

LION HUNTING IN ALGERIA.—A letter from Batna, in the *Independent*, of Constantine, gives some further details of the recent exploits of M. Chassaing and Bombonnel. Having learned that a horse had been killed by wild beasts, they proceeded to the spot and concealed themselves in some brushwood close by, in order to wait until the animals returned after sunset to devour their prey. The night was dark, and no moonlight was to be hoped for. The hunters had not been long at their post when a magnificent lion approached the horse. The two friends touched each with the elbow to show that they had seen the beast, and Chassaing, firing both barrels, sent the animal rolling to the bottom of a ravine. There had not been time to reload when a second lion appeared. Bombonnel passed his gun to his companion, and Chassaing sent the new comer to join his roars of pain with those of the preceding. A third and fourth lion appeared successively and met with the same fate, Bombonnel loading each time, and passing the fire-arms to Chassaing. The situation of the hunters was, however, now becoming critical. The howling of the wounded and dying animals was likely to attract their fellows to the spot, while the darkness rendered the task of avoiding them difficult. The hunters were besides trembling with cold, for they had not taken the precaution of putting on warm clothing against the night air. They therefore decided on regaining their tents, where they found their companions fast asleep, not having even heard the reports of the guns. The next morning the party proceeded to the scene of the night's adventure. Two of the lions were lying dead, but the others had disappeared. They appeared to have lost much blood, but the dryness of the ground rendered their traces difficult to follow. Presently a general scamper among the Arabs who were aiding in the search showed that something had been discovered, and it turned out to be a large lioness, which had taken refuge at the bottom of a ravine. Chassaing, Bombonnel, Count Karolyi, and M. Deichmann advanced together and all fired. But even after that volley she again raised her head, when a ball beneath the shoulder from Bombonnel finished her. The other wounded animal could not be found.

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DREADFUL CALAMITY AT SEA.

FIVE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

THE New York papers report the destruction by fire of the Federal transport, General Lyon, with a loss of over 500 lives. The *New York Times* gives the following account of the disaster:—

"On Wednesday, the 29th ultimo, the General Lyon, a screw steamer, which had formerly been used as a blockade runner, sailed from Wilmington for Fortress Monroe, with nearly 600 persons on board, including the crew. Her passengers consisted of discharged and paroled soldiers, escaped prisoners, and refugees, among whom were about thirty women and twenty-five small children. Two negroes were also among the refugees. The weather was fair on leaving Wilmington, but the steamer put into the port of Smithfield for the night and resumed her voyage on the following morning. Soon after leaving Smithfield, the wind, which was blowing from the south-west, increased in violence, and the vessel made but little progress. At ten o'clock on Friday morning, when off Cape Hatteras, an alarm of fire was given, and in a few minutes afterwards the flames broke out at the rear of the pilot-house and nearly in the centre of the vessel. Several of the crew were in the rigging, and there were very few persons on deck at the time, many of the passengers being confined to their berths by sickness. The first mate, James Gibbs, and the other officers of the vessel, immediately got the fire-pumps to work. But the flames steadily gained headway, and, although the pumps were worked with unflinching perseverance, the fire soon spread over the centre portion of the deck, driving the crew and those who were assisting them to the stern and bow of the vessel. The hatches had been closed in consequence of the decks being so constantly under water, but those below, alarmed by the smoke which was spreading through the cabins, rushed on deck, only to be driven back by the flames. The frightful shrieks of the women and children, and their piteous supplications for help, were drowned by the roaring of the storm. Several of the paroled soldiers were sick and confined to their berths. Some of them managed to crawl on deck, and clung there until washed overboard by the waves. In about half an hour after the fire broke out the engines partially stopped, and the vessel immediately swung round with her broadside to the wind, the flames then spreading across the deck. It had now become quite evident that the ship could not be saved. The first officer acted with great courage, and only abandoned the vessel when all hopes of saving her were gone. The fire pumps were still kept at work, and the flames were fought back with great determination. Many of those below were doubtless already suffocated. The shrieks and moans of the dying came up to those on deck, but they could do nothing to help them. Just at this time the United States transport General Sedgwick, Captain Starkey, and a small schooner were in sight. But neither of them could render any assistance, owing to the violence of the storm, and the fact that the burning steamer had drifted in towards the breakers. The flames were now spreading with fearful rapidity. The boats were launched, although there appeared little hope of them living in such a sea. Into the first boat ten men lowered themselves, including the captain of the General Lyon. It is affirmed by several of those who escaped that the captain had lost all control of himself, and was evidently crazed with fear. Hardly had his boat been loosed from the vessel's side than she drifted under her stern, was struck by the screw, and almost instantly went down. Ira Lewis, a private in the 89th New York Regiment, who was in the boat at the time, states that he saw the captain sink. Lewis and two others alone escaped. A second boat was launched, and in this twenty-seven persons lowered themselves and succeeded in reaching the General Sedgwick, which was about a mile and a half distant. As the boat touched the steamer's side a wave dashed her violently against it, and she filled and went down. Of the twenty-seven persons in the boat, seven only were saved. Among these were the mate, James Gibbs, Barney Losey, of the 5th Virginia Regiment, and John Fitzgerald, of the 56th Illinois. In the meantime a number of the men had thrown themselves overboard, trusting to a spar for support. One man (Isiah C. Colby, of the 5th Ohio Cavalry), after working at the fire pumps until he was almost exhausted, seized one of the doors of the galley, and sprang overboard. He was in the water three hours before he was picked up. Others were also in the water for several hours, and many doubtless sank before assistance could be rendered. It is supposed that the schooner did not succeed in rescuing any of them. When the General Sedgwick left, being unable to render further assistance, the ill-fated steamer was drifting in towards the frightful breakers off Cape Hatteras. She was then burned down to the water's edge, and every soul on board had doubtless perished."

The *New York Tribune* states that the number known to have been saved was twenty-nine, of whom twenty were soldiers, and nine the crew of the ship. Of the 204 of the 56th Illinois Regiment on board, all but four perished, including all the officers. Not one of the women appears to have been saved.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.—A Belgian journal mentions that a cigar box containing an infernal machine, composed of three oil pistol barrels loaded with powder, and intended to burst on the box being opened, was sent three days back by rail to a person residing at Ixelles. Some suspicion appears to have been excited in his mind, as he removed the lid with precaution, and no explosion took place. An investigation has been instituted.

A BANK ROBBERY.—The *Voss-Zeitung* relates that some astonishment was caused to the population of Berlin three days back by the bank remaining closed during part of the morning. At midday the doors were opened, when the public learned that the cause of the delay in commencing business was the discovery that a very large number of fifty thaler (1871. 50s.) notes of the year 1846 had disappeared, having been either lost or abstracted. The directors, in the meantime, offered a reward of 1,000 thalers for the recovery of the property. A former servant of the bank was afterwards arrested with the greater part of the missing notes in his possession.

A PROLIFIC MOTHER.—Mrs. Andrew Allison, residing in Beaver county, Ohio, lately gave birth to healthy children. Some twenty months ago Mrs. Allison gave birth to three daughters, whom she named Cora, Dora, and Nora. These seven children born within a period of two years, were, at last accounts, doing well, as was also their mother.—*Missouri Paper*.

THE PRITCHARD CASE.—The completed report of the analysis by Dr. Maclean of the stomach and viscera of the late Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Taylor was received by the authorities here on Saturday forenoon. It is of great length, describing the various processes gone through in the course of both the "qualitative" and the "quantitative" analysis. The result of the whole is an inference, well supported by the statements in the report, that not only Mrs. Pritchard but Mrs. Taylor were poisoned by antimony. Our readers are already aware of the position of the case against the prisoner in this respect as regards his wife. With reference to Mrs. Taylor, although the poison has not been found in such large quantities as in the body of Mrs. Pritchard, yet distinct traces of it have been discovered in the blood and intestines, and in the stomach alone as much as a quarter of a grain has been found. It is supposed that the unfortunate lady had received minute doses several times, and that her final death-blow, so to speak, had been given in the administration of a large dose about three or four hours before her decease.—*North British Mail*.

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THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.

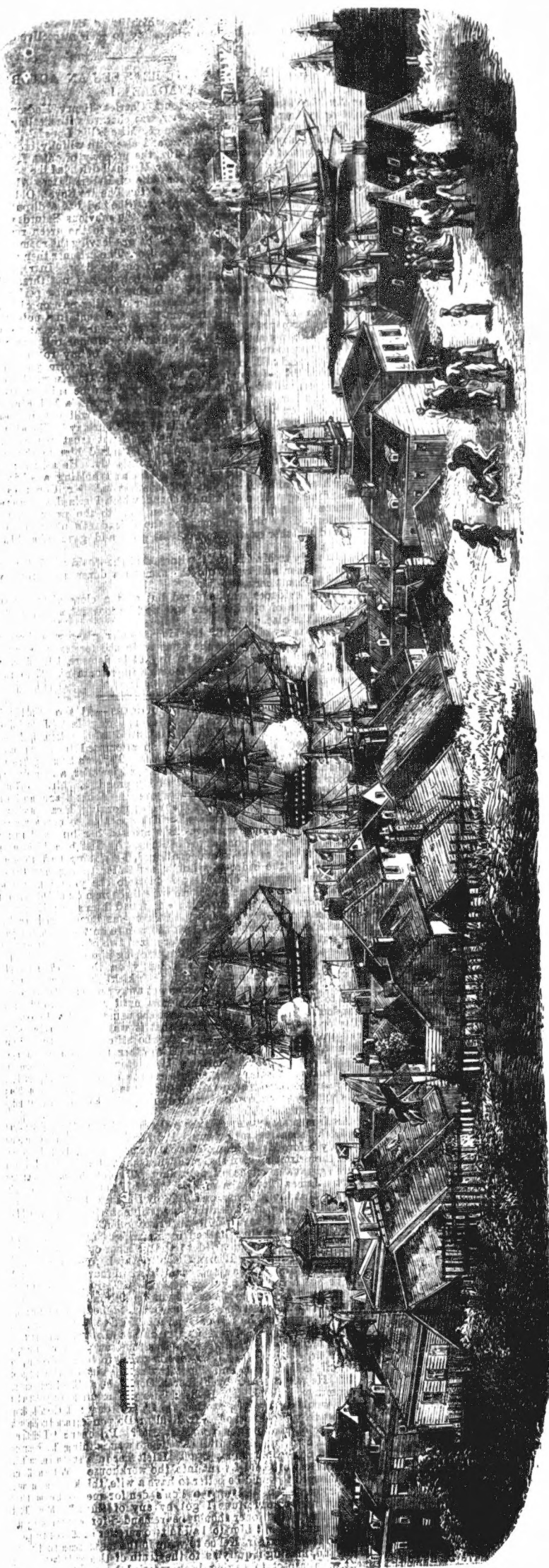
THE fourth of the volunteer reviews at Brighton on Monday another to the brilliant successes which this important movement may inscribe upon its banners. On no previous occasion have the volunteers achieved so great a success, or had be so well satisfied with the results of the day's proceeding numbers present afforded tolerably good evidence that the movement is not in that state of decadence which is occasionally sent to be the case. The attractions of Brighton, and for a holiday which the Easter Monday reviews offer, have some influence with many of the volunteers, and help to keep up the numbers of the forces that show on these. The first gathering of the volunteers on the Downs at Brighton, under Lord Bunsell, did not amount to more than 1,861. In the following year, when Lord Olyde commanded, he had under arms 19,231 men all told. In the year 1863, under Lord W. Paulet, the forces amounted to 19,250; and on Monday there was a muster which, as ascertained, exceeded that of any previous year; (certainly) short of 22,000 men. This is a large body of men to gather at a spot distant some twenty miles from their homes, and it affords evidence of the earnestness with which the corps are animated, and the strong desire which exists on the part of every opportunity offered of perfecting their field movements.

At an early hour on Monday morning Brighton presented a wonderful appearance of activity, and the shrill bugle calls in various parts of the town calling the detached and volunteer forces together, in order that they might rendezvous with the various corps that were to arrive from the provincial towns. The Grand Parade, some of busy and exciting animation. It was here that the enclosures were set apart for the rendezvous of the corps arrived. The areas appropriated for the different corps to be made up into brigades were distinctly marked. The enclosure of St. Peter's Church, another the enclosure of the enclosed area opposite Gloucester-place, a fourth was the enclosure of the Pavilion, a fifth was formed by the Pavilion and a sixth by the Stables. To these places there were an almost unbroken course, from nine until eleven o'clock of colour for facings, braiding, plumes, shakoes, and now it was dark green, with white cross-belts; now the plumes of cock's feathers; now the Scottish, in light blue; its two companies of killed men, swung by its straps of the bagpipes; next the Tower Hussars, dowy in their light uniforms and white plumes; some of the many Surrey corps, dark green, with red the 1st Surrey with shakoes, instead of the strange London which they originally adopted; the 3rd City of London small detachments of engineers, in scarlet; then the 4th City of London, followed by the battalions of artillerists; now it was the lengthy columns of the various corps—Chichester, Arundel, Worthing, Pognor, and the various Brighton corps—artillery, engineers, and the Queen's Westminster, in grey and red facings and blue; the Inns of Court, rather more dingy in colour, ing strong, and headed by their bands, marched mirth to the rendezvous. The teams of thick-set horse by men in smock-frocks to the places where they were harnessed to the great guns;—uniforms of all colours, shades, and all varieties were there, and no small amount was there too for the adjutants to arrange all their corps in the order. He had not with him his brigadier grumbled because he had not with him corps of which he was a colonel, and there were run noble lord had gone so far as to say that he would not of brigade unless his own corps was brigaded with it. He had decided objections to take command of a brigade Surrey, or Sussex, or Hants corps were in the noble lord, however, did appear on the ground satisfactory to report that the brigade which ship commanded bore themselves right gallantly in if some of the Essex corps were not quite equal to the in the march past, they certainly acquitted themselves average of the corps. Each corps, as it marched from station to take up its assigned position, was preceded and many and varied were the tunes which they did it was a corps that marched to the saddened air of "Deelish!" then came "Slap, bang, here we are," a joining heartily in the chorus, followed by "The game!" "The dashing white sergeant" next came "The followed by "The young recruit" and "The poacher." A Sussex corps indulged its martial band played "The British Grenadiers;" another local the invocatory air "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," and the 1st Surrey announcing "I'm ninety-five." The with their well-known "Go to the devil." The marched past to the tune of "The Highland Laddie" Royal Irish swept by as the band played "Garry O' music, bands, uniforms, and strength of corps, each in their variety that they were volunteer corps, and ple at least they objected to the uniformity which a with the War-office would impose upon them. A at least were required for the adjutants to make up and brigades, and the manner in which they got the a nature which are not generally appreciated re small amount of praise. At length all was arrange of the signal gun at eleven o'clock announced that motion towards the review ground.

THE MARCH PAST.

On the review ground, General Sir R. Walpole a stationed opposite the grand stand of the race of Carabiniers headed the volunteers. As each corps subjected to critical remarks from all sides. One well; another "keeps its distance well;" a third "correctly;" a fourth "hangs together well;" and in other respects they are as critical at one of the fastidious connoisseurs at the opera. One to the is damaged by a false step of one of its members rifle too low, or points them too high, when the ranks are not creditably filled, and the distances are but those who had done well had their reward in of the spectators. The 28th Middlesex (Royal Irish) the first to pass the critical ordeal with success, and feelings of sympathizing nationality, or a thorough soldier-like bearing, they, at all events, had plain of their reception. They were more numerous, and the eighth company, consisting of each of whom bore one or more medals on his breast, a particularly large share of approbation. The corps went by very creditably, but in this, as in instances, the distances between the companies were so well set out as they ought to have been cases there was not even quarter distance companies, while in others the distance even five times greater than it ought. The Inns of Court came in, of course, for their uniforms. Some of the companies marched well, but no means up to the mark, and had they been any "The Devil's Own"—and the name seems to have some people, and all feel interested in the lawyer's

circumstances stated.—*Liverpool Advertiser*
HORNIMAN'S Tea is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]



SKETCHES IN NORTH AMERICA—VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

We gave, a few weeks back, an account of this place, and also an illustration. We now give another view of St. John's, Newfoundland, which was probably first discovered by the Norwegians, at the beginning of the 11th century, but, it is said, it was subsequently forgotten, till John Cabot visited it in the summer of 1497, and gave it its present name. As early as the year 1500 an extensive fishery was carried on, by the Portuguese and French, on the neighbouring banks; but, though Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, attempted to form a colony here, no successful settlement was made, till Sir G. Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, in 1628, established himself on the S.E. part of the island, called Avalon, and appointed his son governor. Ten years afterwards a colony was sent over from Ireland, and in 1664 a few English settlers came over, under the authority of a parliamentary grant. The French, who, very early in the 17th century, had formed a station at Placentia, were for many years a constant source of annoyance to the English; and though, by the peace of Utrecht, the possession of the island was confirmed to the English, the subject of fishery rights is still a *voxata questio* between the two nations. With respect to the fishery generally, it was chiefly carried on during the first half of the last century, by the English, Anglo-Americans, and French; but the capture of Cape Breton and other possessions in America, gave a severe blow to the fishery of the latter. The American war divided the British fishery; that portion of it that had previously been carried on from New England being thereafter merged in that of the United States; but still the English continued to preserve the largest share. The French were excluded from the fishery during the French war, in consequence of which the English had almost a monopoly of the business; but since the peace it has been carried on chiefly by the French and Americans, that of the English having declined fully three-fourths since the peace.

A NEW AMERICAN YACHT.

New York, says a letter from that city, is undergoing a great revival on the subject of yachting. Clubs are to be formed and clubs houses erected; challenges are to be issued to the world, and prizes accorded to the champions. Several of the leading people here have lately built fine yachts, which accounts for this new excitement. The following is a description of one of them:—The new and beautiful steam yacht Otavia, named after the owner's lady, and built at Allerton's yard, Jersey City, for ocean as well as coast and sound service. Mr. Allerton is finishing her cabin with

curled maple, rosewood, holly, satinwood, and other hard woods capable of taking a polish. The mirrors and upholstery work generally will be in the highest possible taste and excellence. The Otavia was built at Cleveland, Ohio, for Mr. Kennard, superintendent of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, by Messrs. Peck and Co. She is a schooner-rigged, and is constructed in the most substantial manner, entirely of American wood, principally white oak, with combings and flanking of hard pine, cherry, curled maple, black walnut, &c., all of which were transported over the Atlantic and Great Western road. She is of 430 tons burden, 140 ft. length, 25 ft. breadth, 14 ft. depth, with 250 nominal and 700 actual horsepower. She is calculated to consume at the rate of 12 lbs. of coal per horse-power per hour, and with 200 tons of coal on board can make the circuit of the globe. Her propeller is 9 ft. 6 in. in diameter, with 4 ft. 6 in. pitch. Her engines are constructed upon an improved plan—the invention of Mr. Kennard. They are a combination of both the low and high pressure styles—a union of the locomotive and marine descriptions—making the vessel, with her estimated rate of speed of 14 to 18 knots, a sort of locomotive on water. The engines have a surface condenser, calculated to use steam at the rate of 75 pounds to the inch. Dimensions of cylinders, high pressure, 18 by 18 inches; low pressure, 36 by 18 inches. The cylinders are connected, and move on a beam. The steam first goes into the small cylinder, and after having performed its functions there, goes into the large one, and thence into the surface condenser, where it is returned to the boiler at a temperature of about 125 degrees. The boilers are of the ordinary marine tubular kind, with about 2,000 feet of heating surface. All the machinery was manufactured at the works of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad Company, Jersey City. The Otavia has two cabins, the state cabin forward, and the officers' cabin aft. The state rooms and saloons are forward, with parlours, closets, store-room, &c., together with a children's nursery, which is supplied with all family conveniences. She can handily accommodate about twenty guests, without interfering with the quarters of the officers. Her complement of crew will be fifty men. Although a purely American notion, being constructed entirely of American material, and her seams sealed as if with some purely American hermetic solution, she will sail under British colours. Mr. Kennard, however, before going to Europe, intends her to pass the coming summer in American waters, where she will doubtless prove an attractive and agreeable feature in our forthcoming regattas and yachting cruises.

BUSHRANGING IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

[From the Sydney Morning Herald, Feb. 18.]
A notorious policeman has fallen a victim to his sense of duty. On the 27th ultimo, Hall's gang stuck up about thirty persons on the Goulburn-road, taking from them various amounts, from half a crown to £112. Twelve drays were stopped. The robbers broke open cases, took a little clothing, and a double-armed gun. They drank bottled porter, and gave some to the people. Two watches were stolen, one horse, saddle, and bridle. Hall, Gilbert, and Dunn went into Collector, and stuck up Kimberley's Inn. On this reaching the ears of the lock-up keeper, Samuel Nelson, who was the only policeman there, he took his carbine, and went up towards Kimberley's. Dunn met him on the road, called upon him to stand, firing at the same instant. Nelson cried out "Stop!" and fell. Dunn fired again. Both shots took effect—one on the head and the second wound. After he committed this murder, Dunn went to Kimberley's Inn, and the bushrangers left the township. Subsequently, the police sighted their horses over legs and made off; the bushrangers leaped their horses over legs and made off, and were lost sight of the evening being intensely dark. They abandoned a stolen horse. The murdered man has left a wife and eight children. Frederick Nelson, aged about eighteen, eldest son of the deceased, gave the following account of this outrageous inquest on the body:—I am farming about Collector, and resided with my father, who was named Samuel Nelson, and was a lock-up keeper here. He was aged about thirty-eight years, and had been in the police force for about seven years and a half, and had previously been in the police force at Moreton Bay. I had tea with my father yesterday evening, about half an hour, and on leaving Weddell's, and remained there, as he was a good way off. I saw my father in Constable Bourke's yard. He left, and walked towards home. I did not speak to him, as he was a good way off. I had heard that the bushrangers were at Kimberley's, and went towards there to see if it were true. On my way I met Mr. Edwards, who told me it was true. While I was going towards Kimberley's, my father was also doing so, but from a different direction, and got near the house before I did. When my father got near the fences close by the house, a bushranger sprang from behind the fence and called to my father to stand, and fired immediately afterwards, on which my father staggered into the road and called out, "Oh!" The bushranger fired again, and my father fell. I was inside the fence at this time, and about ten yards from my

father; the bushranger called on me to stand, but I ran away, on which the bushranger fired at me, but did not hit me; it was light enough for me to see, but not to recognise the man who shot my father. I spread the alarm through the township of what was going on, and after a while my brother came and said that the bushrangers had gone, on which I went up to Kimberley's and found my father's body had been taken inside the house. He was held dead. While this took place my brother was compelled to hold the bushrangers' horses outside Kimberley's house, having before this been compelled to march there, a distance of three miles. When my father fell I heard his carbine fall from his hands on to the ground. In connection with this, the Government have offered a further reward, altering the conditions on which the rewards were previously offered, as will be seen by the following:—Instead of the reward of £2,000 for the double apprehension of both these criminals, a reward of £500 will be paid for the arrest of the said John Gilbert, and a reward of £500 for such information as may lead to the capture of either of them, or £1,000, if, on such information, they are both taken. It is to be understood that the person or persons performing the above duty, whether policeman or not, shall receive the reward, and it will not go into any police fund. Depredations are as rife as ever on the southern roads.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND WIDOWS.—Twenty-five thousand widows are receiving pensions under the laws passed recently. Twenty-five thousand widows made by the present war. By its bullets and bomb-shells, its cannon-balls and bayonets, its wounds, its camp-fevers, and privations. Twenty-five thousand women receive pensions; how many thousands do not, we are not told. Many do not know whether their soldier lies under Southern sod, or languishes in a Southern prison, or who will watch and wait for him long after the magnolia blossoms on his grave. Twenty-five thousand widows? How many orphans? How many children motherless? How many betitled maidens, whose young hopes have been snuffed, and whose hearts are seared and seared for life? What victory can compensate for so many broken hearts, even for the fact that so many helpless women have been reduced from comfort to beggary? for again we say there are more than twenty-five thousand widows made by this war who have not received even a miserable pension.—*New York Paper.*
On Sunday evening the series of special services under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral was brought to a close, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Canon Selwyn.

THE FATAL FIRE AND EXPLOSION IN THE BOROUGH.

The illustration here given represents the fire, accompanied by a series of destructive explosions, which occurred in one of two warehouses in the tenare of Messrs. Tilleard and Sons, wholesale oilmen and drysalers, Suffolk-street, Borough, within one door of the Winchester Music Hall. It appears that Mr. Tilleard, jun., was in the cellar pumping up some benzoin oil, Mr. Tilleard, his wife, the servant, and three other persons being in the different upper rooms. Suddenly a cry of "Fire!" was raised, when Mr. Tilleard and his wife made an attempt to descend by the staircase, but they were met by fumes of burning sulphur and oil, which prevented them. Mr. Tilleard pulled his wife into one of the front rooms, and, having closed the door, opened the window, and police-constable M'Connell, S.M., and a young man named Ootrell, were carrying her down a ladder when a fearful explosion occurred, shaking all the houses in the vicinity to their foundations. Mrs. Tilleard, the police-constable, and the assistant were blown off the ladder, the first named falling violently upon her head. Four or five other explosions followed, of greater violence than the first, and the roof was lifted high into the air, heavy beams of timber were sent across Suffolk-street, demolishing the skylights, and a portion of the roof of the Winchester Music Hall, and prostrating Mr. Rosell, a gentleman connected with the Southwark Water Company, and Pavor, one of the turncocks, and a shower of slates forced in some windows of the opposite public-house, and the embers were driven into Ann's-court and York-place. We regret to state that Mrs. Tilleard has since died of the injuries she experienced.



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FATAL FIRE AND EXPLOSION IN THE BOROUGH.

THE POPE PROCEEDING TO MASS ON EASTER SUNDAY.

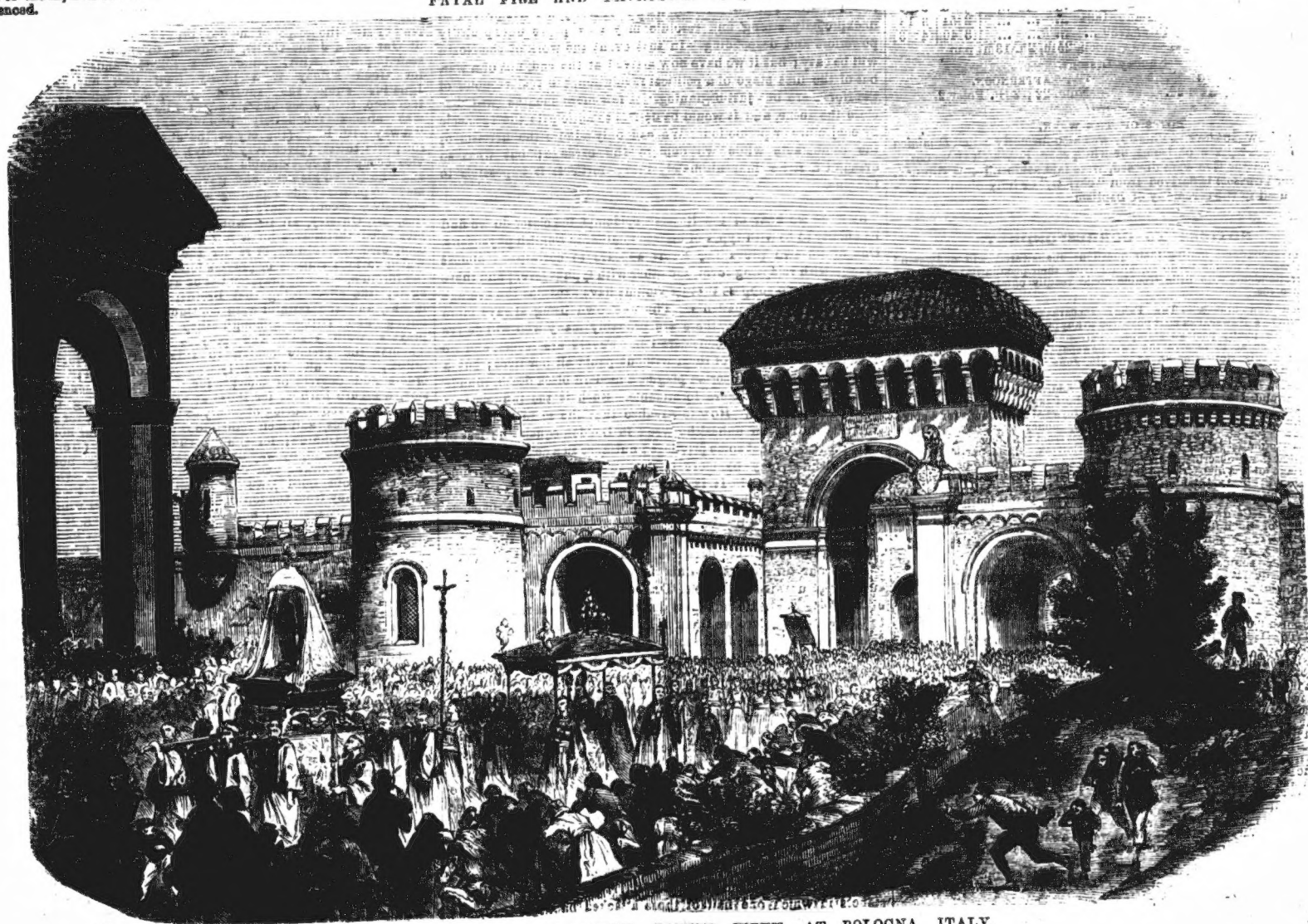
On Easter Sunday, the Pope officiated pontifically at mass, and afterwards solemnly gave the benediction *ubi et orbi*.

The French and Pontifical troops and an immense number of people were present at the ceremony. Enthusiastic cheers were raised in honour of the Pope. The weather was magnificent. We give an illustration on page 712 of the Pope proceeding to mass.

HOLY WEEK AT BOLOGNA. — PROCESSION OF PRIESTS.

In addition to the illustration of the Pope Proceeding to Mass on Easter Sunday, we give, below, another of the religious ceremonies at Bologna during Holy Week. Bologna is a city next in importance to Rome for its religious festivals. It has 74 churches, 35 convents for monks, and 38 for nuns. The cathedral was built in A.D. 432. With such an array of ecclesiastics, the religious ceremonies here are always imposing.

A HUGO TIGER—A large tiger, measuring ten feet two inches from the point of the nose to the tip of the tail, and four feet in height, was shot on the 2d ultimo, on foot, by three indigo planters, with smooth-bored guns, near Mungoul Factory. This ferocious animal had been prowling about the neighbourhood for some days, committing numerous ravages amongst the natives and cattle—in fact, this beast was so much dreaded by the natives of the neighbourhood that they were afraid to go any distance from the village, and the delight shown by men, women, and children at the death of this monster was surprising to witness.—*Calcutta Englishman*.



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION DURING EASTER WEEK, AT BOLOGNA, ITALY.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.				H. W. L. B.	
ANNIVERSARIES.				A. M.	P. M.
22	Shakespeare Tercentenary, 1864	11 2	11 38
23	LOW SUNDAY	—	0 7
24	First Scotch steamer launched, 1788	0 34	0 57
25	Princess Alice born, 1843	1 22	1 45
26	New Orleans surrendered, 1862	2 8	2 32
27	Garibaldi leaves England, 1864	2 54	3 18
28	Mudny of the Bounty, 1789	3 40	4 3
Moon's Changes.—New Moon, 25th, 2h. 13m. p.m.					
Sunday Lessons.					
MORNING.		AFTERNOON.			
Num. 16; Acts 20.		Num. 22; 2 St. Peter 2.			

NOTES OF THE WEEK.
23rd. LOW SUNDAY.—This day was also formerly called *Dominica in albis*, because the chrism, or white robes in which those christened on Easter Eve were dressed, were laid aside on this Sunday. The word *chrism* is derived from "chrism," or holy ointment, formerly used in the ceremony of baptism.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 513, Strand.

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ST. CATHARINE.—Cordwainer is supposed to have originated from Cordovan leather, of which the finest shoes were made.

W. B. P.—The origin of savings banks is generally ascribed to Priscilla Wakefield, who founded one at Tottenham in 1804.

PEARL.—The source of the Pearl is the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Buckingham.

R. O.—The duel between the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Buckingham was fought in Kensington Gardens on May 2nd, 1822.

MICHAEL.—The Enterprise was the first steam vessel that sailed to India, she left Southampton on the 16th of August, and arrived in the Hoogly, December 9, 1825.

A. P.—The Queen's Bazaar, in Oxford-street, was burnt on May 27, 1830.

FARMER.—Farm and garden labourers in New South Wales receive from £30 to £40 per annum with rations.

W. P.—Lord Palmerston accepted the office of Home Secretary in the Coalition Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen in December, 1852; he resigned in the following year, but was induced almost immediately to resume the office, which he held till his appointment as Premier in 1855.

JULIUS.—Sir W. Beecher was married to Miss O'Neil, the celebrated actress, in 1819.

F. T.—The child being illegitimate, it should be registered and baptised in the name of the mother.

ANDREW.—The *Beagle* proceeded to the northern latitudes on April 30, 1831, and was commanded by Captain Lyons. Parry was captain of the *Fury*, which sailed in company of the *Beagle*.

G. T.—Mail coaches were set up in Bristol in 1784, and were extended to other routes the following year.

BELLA.—The only legal authority that we are aware of for bell-ringing in churches is contained in the order for the service of the Church of England.

RICHARD.—David Garrick made his first appearance on the stage at Ipswich. He became lessee of Drury Lane Theatre in 1767, and retired from the stage June 10, 1776.

B. B.—The term "bum-bailiff" is a corruption of "bound bailiff," every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter in a bond, and give security for good conduct.

BENNY.—The original founder of Oxford University was, it is stated, Alfred the Great, in the year 886.
EMBARKED.—Send us your address and we will recommend you a respectable, intelligent, and economical London solicitor.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.
REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

FOR months past the Northern forces have been closing grimly round the single army of the South, and it is to this combination of foes that Lee at length has yielded. He had upon him at once the grand army of the Potomac, under Grant; the army of the Shenandoah Valley, under Sheridan; and the army of Tennessee, under Sherman. They shut him in on every side. Though Sherman was not present at the last engagement, he was at so short a distance, and was so formidably posted, that Lee was compelled to detach troops to keep him in check. Then upon his weakened force fell Grant and Sheridan together, the former with his old stubborn strategy, the latter with his impetuous and brilliant valour. The Federals had troops enough to fight and watch together, to engage the Confederates at every point, and to take advantage of the slightest opportunity. Suddenly, after three days' fighting, Richmond and Petersburg were discovered to be empty, and the Northern generals seized their prize. The rapid change in the fortunes of this desperate war was occasioned mainly by the errors or misfortunes of the Confederate generals opposed to Sherman in the campaign of last year, but it is evident that the numerical inferiority of the Southern population was making itself felt at every point in the operations of the war. The North raised army after army, and was always prepared with undiminished forces for a fresh campaign. But the South could barely maintain its three principal armies, nor could one of those be reinforced except at the expense of another. If the Confederate army in the Shenandoah Valley could have been kept at a strength sufficient for the repulse of Sheridan, the victory at Richmond would not have been won, but Sheridan drove in the force before him at last, and by combining his army with Grant's enabled him to gain this decisive battle. The weakness of the Confederates, again, was palpable in Tennessee, when, even in the absence of Sherman, they could do nothing to re-establish their cause. Finally, their forces were all driven in upon Richmond and Petersburg, where Grant, with the aid of Sheridan, at length found himself strong enough for the final struggle. We must now wait for what nothing but nothing but time can teach us—the solution of the great problem of secession. Has this terrible drama been simply a war, or is it a revolution? If it is a war, the end must be near—if, indeed, it has not been reached already; for beyond the feeble force under Johnston at Raleigh, and the remnant of the Richmond garrison under Lee, the South has no organized armies in the field, nor is it probable that any can be raised. This stage of the great struggle has been accomplished. The North, by its determined will, and lately, it should be added, by the excellence of its generals, has overcome the South, has defeated its armies, and occupied its principal towns. It has had far greater difficulty in doing so than was at first anticipated, and it appeared, indeed, at times as if even this portion of the work could never be accomplished at all. The Confederacy which for five years has proved so unexpectedly strong and resolute may now prove unexpectedly powerless and desponding. In that event the work of the North will be easy; but if we have now arrived at the end, not of a war, but of the first stage of a political revolution, the real troubles of the North are but just beginning. A few more months will disclose the scene, and it would be useless to anticipate the spectacle by conjecture or prediction. We can only admire the heroism of the combatants while we deplore the carnage; but what so dreadful a strife may ultimately bring forth it is impossible to imagine.

The more we hear of the Russian epidemic, the closer do we find its affinity to be with types of disease familiar to English physicians. One of its two prevailing forms appears to correspond almost exactly with relapsing fever, the other with typhus fever; and there is no reason to suppose that its victims have exceeded the average rate among typhus patients. The unknown being always more terrible than the known, there are probably many who will derive infinite relief from this consideration. Fevers are fevers, and we have been used to hear of them without panic all our lives; but a Russian pestilence, a Siberian plague, a modern black death, sounds something infinitely more formidable. Such is the influence of habit on impressions. How few realize that the mere increase of mortality during an unhealthy week in London equals the loss of a great battle, or that some privileged nuisance in a densely crowded neighbourhood may be more fatal than the most tragical shipwreck or explosions! It is very natural, then, that the spectre of typhus fever in the disguise of a new Oriental pest, depopulating St. Petersburg and advancing westward, should alarm people far more than the actual presence of the same epidemic, walking in darkness and destroying at noonday close to our own doors. This is very natural, but it is also supremely unreasonable, and Dr. Jefferies, the resident physician of the Fever Hospital, has done good service in reminding us to look at home before we think to keep out the invader by quarantine regulations. Dr. Jefferies plainly tells us that "typhus is most certainly on the increase in the metropolis," and as this fact occasioned too little anxiety, we feel it our duty to point out its real significance, and the urgent necessity of dealing with it. Typhus fever is at all times one of the most dangerous and intractable of maladies, and when it develops into a virulent epidemic becomes the most destructive scourge of which history makes mention. The Eastern Plague and the Black Death itself are believed to have been simply malignant varieties of typhus, and the inflammatory swellings characteristic of those frightful maladies have been observed at the Fever Hospital in no less than 150 cases within the last three years. A very bad case of typhus fever is the next thing to plague, and under certain conditions may become identical with it. In Great Britain the average rate of mortality from it is about one in five, but a contemporary gives instances in which one half of those attacked have perished, and some in which it has carried off half of a whole garrison numbering many thousand men. In the Irish quarters of Liverpool it hardly

ever ceases to rage, and it contributes largely to swell the mortality of that and other great towns. In London it was comparatively rare quite recently. Fevers of all kinds are indigenous or naturalized among us, but "the fever," as it is called *par excellence*, seemed to be on the decline. Two or three years ago it broke out afresh, the Fever Hospital became overcrowded, and a new wing was built, nor is there at present any sign of abatement. Dr. Jefferies's testimony on this point is very startling. "Though the number of patients mainly suffering from typhus admitted into the London Fever Hospital in 1864—viz., 3,610—exceeded by a thousand the admissions for any previous year, still those for the first quarter of 1865 exceed by 200 the number received in the corresponding period of last year."

GOOD FRIDAY WITH BROTHER IGNATIUS.

BROTHER IGNATIUS and the brethren of the English order of St. Benedict, at Norwich, made special efforts to celebrate Good Friday according to their peculiar views. The chapel was hung with black, and all daylight was carefully excluded, but two large candles glimmered before the altar. After a few seconds, however, it was apparent that a procession was advancing, at a snail's pace, through the gloom, and threading its way carefully through a rather numerous and closely-packed congregation, principally of the poorer class. The rich baritone voice of Brother Ignatius could soon be detected in the hymn which the procession was singing. When the procession reached the altar a few more candles were lit, and it was then possible to observe that Brother Ignatius wore a cloak of gold vestment on his back, while his head was covered with the cowl of the order. The Rev. G. J. Ouseley closed the procession, wearing a vestment of black, with a large white cross on the back. The monks, pure and simple, wore only their ordinary black dresses and cowls. Brother Ignatius had carried in the procession what appeared to be a small coffin, draped with black and surrounded by a crown of thorns. The commandments were intoned by the Rev. G. J. Ouseley, and a hymn of which the ever-recurring refrain was "Jesus on high is crucified," was sung softly, with pleasing effect. The organ of thorns was then removed. Next the Rev. G. J. Ouseley read the epistle of the day, and afterwards the first lesson, strange liberties being thus taken with the ordinary mode of celebrating divine service in the Anglican Church. A passage of the Old Testament, from the prophet Hosea, was next read, followed by an anthem, solely sustained by Brother Ignatius, "I have heard thy voice, Lord, and was afraid." As has been stated on more than one occasion, Brother Ignatius plays with good taste and effect upon the organ, and his voice is an excellent one; indeed, he is the life and soul of the English order of St. Benedict, and but for him it would doubtless soon become a thing of the past. A collect was then read by the Rev. G. J. Ouseley, and on his making the brief preliminary exhortation, "Let us pray," Brother Ignatius exclaimed, in the authoritative tone which seems habitual with him, "Let us kneel down." The faithful of the congregation obeyed, and then immediately afterwards Brother Ignatius said, "Let us rise up again"—a curious procedure, which was adopted at least a dozen times before other collects which followed. It should be observed that when the Rev. G. J. Ouseley read from the Scriptures, the book was held by one of the monks, and Mr. Ouseley read, or rather intoned, with his hands folded in an attitude of reverential prayer. Another anthem followed, "Deliver me from the evil man; preserve me from the wicked man," and was sung by Brother Ignatius with a pathos which seemed to indicate that he applied the words to his own case, and to the enemies with whom he has to contend in the outer world; and he appeared to pour out his whole heart in the supplication, "Lord God, Lord God, Lord God, strength of my salvation, cover my heart, hide not my face from me, lest the ungodly triumph." Brother Ignatius next proceeded to read or sing the gospel of the day, or, as he termed it, the "passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, according to St. John." Mr. Ouseley standing near with uplifted and folded hands. The gospel for Good Friday is a pretty long one, and, as Brother Ignatius sung the several passages, such as "Pilate, therefore, took Jesus and scourged him" (the word "scourged" was almost indefinitely prolonged); "Behold the man;" "Away with him" (the cry of the Jews); "Woman, behold thy son;" "I thirst" (given very loudly), &c. This feature of the service occupied a considerable time. At the words, "It is finished," and "he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost," an attempt was made to portray the lightning and thunder which the Scripture narratives record to have attended the real event. Brother Ignatius, Mr. Ouseley, all the monks, and most of the congregation prostrated themselves for a few seconds. Brother Ignatius then completed the reading, or rather the singing, of the gospel; after which various collects or prayers followed, each being preceded by the formula, "Let us pray." "Let us kneel down," "Let us rise up again," the effect being that Brother Ignatius, Mr. Ouseley, the monks, and the faithful were continually rising and falling, and falling and rising, although they were standing when the prayers were read. The prayers were offered for "John Thomas, the prelate chosen to rule over us;" for "bishops, priests, and all the holy people of God;" for "all orders and degrees of men;" for "our catechumens;" for the sick, a secure harbour for those at sea, the breaking the chains of prisoners, the securing of plenty to the world, &c.; for all heretics and schismatics, and their return to the bosom of our holy mother, the Catholic Church; for the "perfidious Jews" (Here Brother Ignatius exclaimed, by way of explanation, "We do not kneel in this prayer in hatred and detestation of the Jews, who kneel in mockery to our Lord"), &c. A velvet crucifix was then removed by Mr. Ouseley from the top of the altar, the crapse which covered it was partially removed, and Mr. Ouseley, holding it aloft, said, "Behold the wood of the cross." Brother Ignatius and the congregation responded, "Come let us adore." The crapse was then further removed, the crucifix again held aloft, and the words, "Behold the wood of the cross," repeated with the same response. Then the crapse was entirely removed, and the figure of the saviour was exposed, Mr. Ouseley saying, "Behold the wood of the holy cross, on which hung the salvation of the world." The response having been sung, the crucifix was lowered to the ground, and Brother Ignatius, creeping towards it, reverentially kissed it. Mr. Ouseley, taking off his cross-embroidered vestment, followed his example. Brother Ignatius then said that "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," he desired to say a few words to the congregation, whom he addressed as "men and women, sons and daughters of our fallen race." He accordingly ascended a kind of pulpit, and in a tone of impassioned entreaty besought all present to show their love for Jesus by coming to adore the holy cross. They knelt, he said, the pictures of relatives and distant friends, why not kiss the emblem of their faith—the cross of their Lord? He then prescribed that during the "creeping," a hymn should be sung, that the faithful in drawing near the altar should make three prostrations, and finally that they should kiss the hands and feet of the figure on the crucifix.

The chapel was perfectly destitute of any ornament, and appeared a truly wretched place for religious worship of any kind. The brethren, aware of this, are endeavoring to collect funds for the erection of a suitable church. The ventilation of the present chapel is very defective, and when it is filled as it was on Good Friday, the atmosphere is painfully hot and stifling. However, the monks almost live in it; and at all hours of the day and night a deep-toned bell calls them to prayers.

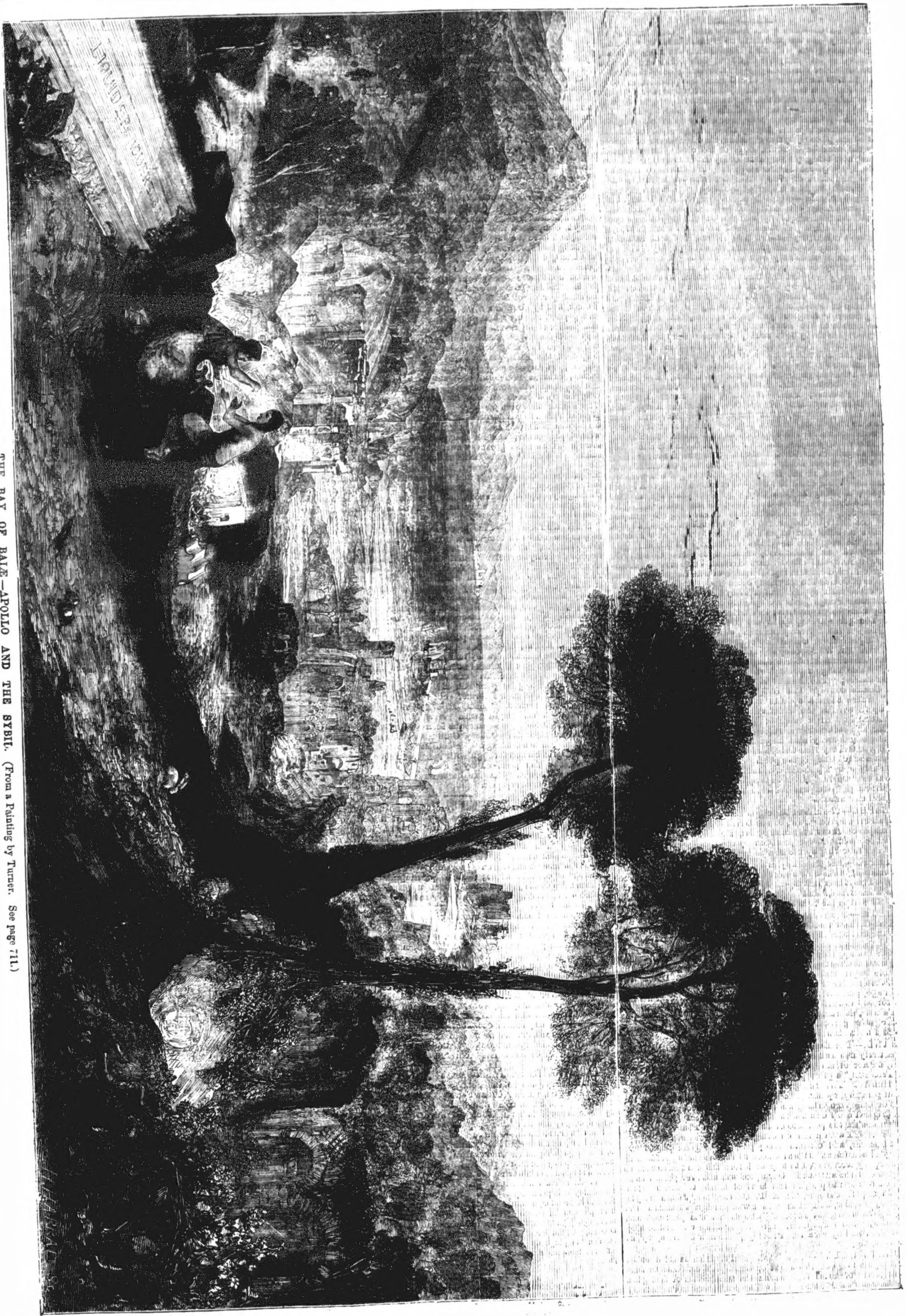
THE DEFEAT OF LEE, AND CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

[illegible]



EASTER SUNDAY—THE POPE ENTERING ST. PETER'S. (See page 709.)

THE BAY OF BAIE-APOLLO AND THE SYBIL. (From a Painting by Turner. See page 711.)



THE BAY OF BAIE-APOLLO AND THE SYBIL. (From a Painting by Turner. See page 711.)

DRURY LANE.

The great feature at this establishment, on Easter Monday, was the production of Milton's mask of "Comus," represented and given with that magnificence and finish of detail, which have so eminently distinguished new works and revivals brought out under the management of Messrs. Falconer and Underwood. In 1788 Milton's mask of "Comus" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, with music written by the celebrated Dr. Arne, but it had to undergo serious alterations and modifications, to render it fit for representation. The alterations were undertaken by Mr. John Dalton—prebendary of Worcester and rector of St. Mary-at-Hill—a gentleman of some literary fame, who enlarged the musical portion of the piece by lyrics selected from other works of Milton, and by the addition of some songs of his own. The version of "Comus" now being presented at Drury Lane is that which has long been recognised as the stage one, and differs considerably from the production of 1788. It is all the music that of Dr. Arne. Handel supplies the air with choruses, "Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee—words from 'L'Allegro,' and Bishop that of 'O'er the smooth enamelled green—' words from the 'Arcades.' " "Comus" has been frequently produced on the stage in its lyric shape. After its first performance with Dr. Arne's music in 1788, it was performed at Drury Lane in 1790, for the benefit of Elizabeth Foster, granddaughter of the poet, and was subsequently revived at different periods, invariably with great success. A new version, manufactured by Colman, was brought out in 1772, when the dialogue was greatly mutilated and more music was introduced. The version used at Drury Lane, for the most part, that of Mr. John Dalton. The verses, which are not entirely Milton's, are only founded on Milton, or are altogether original, are those to the opening chorus, "Ring out ye crystal spheres," the song "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west," song "By dimpled brook," chorus "Hark, hark, the merry bells sound," chorus "Dark what radiant state she spreads," and the song—paraphrased from Milton and Spenser by Mr. Edmund Falconer—"Waste not in dreams youth's ever fleeting hour." The cast of characters at Drury Lane is as follows:—Attendant Spirit, Miss Poole; Comus, Mr. Walter Lacy; Elder Brother, Mr. Edmund Phelps; Second Brother, Miss E. Falconer; First Bacchant, Mr. Henri Drayton; Second Bacchant, Mr. Wilby Cooper; The Lady, Mrs. Herman Vezin; Sabrina, Miss Augusta Thompson. The band has been reinforced to excellent purpose, and the choir of fifty select voices fills all the requisite of the music. Miss Poole, as the Attendant Spirit, has the chief share of the music allotted to her, and sings with all her old charm. The famous bravura song of Dr. Arne, "Sweet Echo"—which, by the way, should be sung by The Lady, who, in the Drury Lane cast, being a non-vocalist, Mrs. Herman Vezin could not sing—was entrusted to Miss Augusta Thompson, a young English lady, who some years ago, as vocal pupil of the Conservatoire of Paris, won the first prize. She gave the "Echo Song" with much brilliancy. In the song "By dimpled brook," Mr. Wilby Cooper showed his thorough appreciation of Dr. Arne's beautiful and expressive melody. In "Now Phœbus sinketh in the west," Mr. Henri Drayton displayed a fine feeling for the descriptive. Mr. Walter Lacy sustained the part of Comus with great singleness and effect. Mrs. Herman Vezin was an exceedingly graceful and efficient representation of The Lady. Indeed the characters of Comus and The Lady could hardly be personated with greater effect than by Mr. Walter Lacy and Mrs. Herman Vezin. Mr. Edmund Phelps gave the speeches of the Elder Brother with the proper measured cadence; and Miss E. Falconer, in the part of the Younger Brother, spoke the lines with much sweetness. The scenery is incomparably beautiful, and is, indeed, in some respects, unique. Had "Comus" no other merit than what is suggested from Mr. W. Beverley's penon we could augur for its great success. The series of scenes comprise—"The Depths of a Wind Wood;" "The Laughed Brake," when the brothers come searching for their sisters; "The Hall of Beauty in the Enchanted Palace," where Comus conveys The Lady; and "Sabrina's Translucent Home," where Sabrina appears with her water nymphs, which winds up all, even as the transformation scene the introduction to the pantomime. After three of these scenes Mr. Beverley was called for, and each time was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The dresses are costly and magnificent. The ballets and groupings are wonderfully well done, and are admirably in keeping with the spirit and tendency of the poem. "Comus" is a great success, and is likely to hold possession of the stage for some time to come. Previous to "Comus" Mr. Phelps appeared as Fortinbras in "The Fool's Revenge," and was received throughout his performance with great enthusiasm.

ADELPHI.—The Easter burlesque here is from the pen of Mr. Byron, and is entitled "Fen; or the Loves of Echo and Narcissus," the principal character sustained by Mr. Poole. The extravaganza was well received. It was preceded by the comedy of "The Love Cases," and followed by the new farce of "The Sleepwalkers."

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy of "Selling Day" has been curtailed, and it now shows of two tight pieces being played as well. The Easter holiday-makers have thus been treated with "Always Intended," and the good old farce of "High Life Below Stairs," as well as the comedy.

LYCEUM.—There was a crowded house here on Monday night to witness the new version of "Belshazzar, the Moonbeams." As it was the first time of Mr. Fechter appearing in the character of Belshazzar, great interest was manifested; and, if success may be judged from applause, Mr. Fechter has achieved it in this character, notwithstanding the contrast, not easily forgotten, of the admirable impersonation of the character by Mr. C. Dillon and Mr. Webster. Mr. Fechter's son, a little fellow of about seven years of age, performed the part of Paul, and showed considerable talent for one so tender in years. Miss Beatrice appeared as Belshazzar's wife, in which she has too little scope for her abilities. The applause was general throughout, and the principal performers received a unanimous recall.

STRAND.—The Easter novelty here has appeared in the shape of an entirely new and original drama in two acts by Mr. H. T. Craven, author of the "Post Boy," "Milly White," &c., entitled "One Tree Hill," a piece peculiarly appropriate to Easter Monday entertainments. The raising of the curtain disclosed to view a beautiful painting, by Mr. Charles Fenton, of Greenwich and the summit of One Tree Hill. Its striking resemblance to its well-known original drew down a burst of applause from the audience, and a demand for the presence of the artist. Mr. Fenton appeared, and was received with much cheering. The piece itself is full of original humour, and contains many passages of great pathos and sublimity of sentiment. It was a decided success throughout. The whole company were forced to appear before the curtain to receive the applause of the audience. Our space will not even permit us to give an outline of the plot, so full is it of incident. Mr. Belford, Mr. D. James, Mr. Farwell, Mr. H. T. Craven, Mr. James Doyle, Miss Milly Palmer, and Miss Ada Swainborough sustained the principal parts with great success. The drama was preceded and succeeded by "Cross Purposes," the successful new comedy by Mr. Farwell; and by "Faint Penelope," the new burlesque, by E. O. Burnard, Esq.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This theatre still remains faithful to its classical reputation, and the works of Shakespeare continue to furnish the great storehouse from which the inhabitants of Islington derive their dramatic amusements. The performances on Monday night commenced with the historical drama of "King John," very elaborately placed on the stage, by Mr. Edgar. The most effective

of the actors was Miss Marriott, who sustained with unquestionable

representative of the hero of the play; and Mr. G. de Ville reproduced with considerable vivacity the rosy humour and the reckless audacity of Falconbridge. The concluding piece was an extravaganza, entitled "Calypso and Telemachus," by Mr. Sheridan Brooks. The grave actor (Mr. W. Ederton) is an unconscious jester, and young Telemachus (Miss L. Willmore) does not learn any very solemn morality in the hands of such an instructor, while Venus (Miss Lizzie Harrison), Neptune (Mr. W. S. Foote), and a crowd of the other denizens of Olympus, indulge in a free and easy familiarity of language which is only conceivable in the most jovial and unrestrained terrestrial society. The dialogue contains a number of jokes of every variety of merit; and, on the whole, it flowed on smoothly and was very effectively delivered. It was accompanied by some lively songs and some still more lively dancing, the presence of Calypso and her nymphs affording a fair opportunity for the exhibition of the physical grace and agility of nearly the whole of the female portion of the establishment. There was a further attraction in the scenery. The concluding scene of the rise of Amphitruos from the sea to her golden and ivory court, formed a grand conclusion to the whole representation.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. Burnard also supplies the Easter burlesque for this house. It is another version of "Ulysses," and the whole story is compressed into half a dozen scenes. It is brisk and vivacious, and is in the author's well-known witty style. The Ulysses is young Mr. Frederick Hobson, the son of the great actor who gave to burlesque an importance and significance which it had never possessed before. Debut to his father's fame for a reception than which none more hearty ever returned a young aspirant to dramatic honours, Mr. Hobson quickly gave proofs that he inherited not small portion of his father's talent. Active and agile, a capital dancer, and by no means a bad singer, he soon established himself as a popular favourite, and proved that he would have been able to make his way upon the stage. The honours, however, of the night were not confined to the most conspicuous debutant. Miss Saunders, as Napoleon the First, gained great applause. Mr. Burnard, after showing us Ulysses dragged from his couch as an unwilling combatant, exhibits him next as a shipwrecked mariner; and Mr. Hobson, improving the occasion, introduces himself to Queen Calypso by a dance on one leg after the manner of Donato. The author has been as happy as usual in his adaptations of popular music to the purposes of extravaganza; he has displayed his accustomed talent in wedding words, syllables, even letters to well-known tunes; and he has provided a sufficiency of puns, some of which might grow, whilst others are really worthy of a smile. With Mr. Hobson, Miss Saunders, Miss Bilton, and Mr. Rogers as his chief supporters, this little extravaganza receives full justice in its rendering; and the plaudits which followed the fall of the curtain might be doubly interpreted as signs that a thoroughly popular humourist had lost none of his accustomed power, and that a new actor had achieved a genuine and well-deserved success.

NEW ROYALTY.—This pretty little theatre, under the lease of the Misses Pelham, has a new burlesque by Mr. F. O. Burnard, entitled, "Pirithous, the Son of Ixion," which is in every respect a worthy successor to that "Ixion" who had weathered the theatrical storm so long and so successfully, with Miss Harriet Pelham "at the wheel." In "Pirithous" the same ingenuity of construction, the same happy description of word-play, ingenious parody, and, indeed, the same scenic successes (particularly the final struggle), and the same female beauty are displayed. Misses Ada Cavendish, Kelly, and Williams, are new to us (the former a dancing actress), and joined the dazzling array of loveliness which formed so conspicuous a portion of the long-played "Ixion." Mr. Joseph Home, the Buttons of the present burlesque, was in full force. "The Chicken," a mythological member of the prize-ring, and had many opportunities of evincing his quaint and unobtrusive, but still comical, humour. Mr. W. A. Stephens, the drier of comedians, had a good part, and Mr. Fred. Hughes was a highly grotesque shadow of his former self, John Sly. Miss Fanny Clifford, Miss Harriet Pelham, Miss Lydia Hamilton, and Miss Kelly Burton all played with vivacity. In the course of "Pirithous" some highly grotesque scenes with a dummy horse are introduced, and a novel Jockey Club ballet, in which Miss Emma Wright is soon to advantage. The burlesque is lavishly put on the stage, and was carried through with spirit and success. A new extravaganza was preceded by "Faint Heart never Won Fair Lady," and followed by the laughable farce of "The Secret." The house was full in every part.

POLYTECHNIC.—This popular resort had no lack of patronage. The principal novelty was a new optical illusion, entitled, "Proteus; or, We are here, and we are not here," of which Mr. J. H. Pepper and Mr. Thomas Robinson are joint inventors. The illusion, which is a development of the principle applied in the famous "Ghost effect," is very complete. Mr. George Bookland supplies a new musical and pantomime entertainment illustrative of the ascent of Mount Blanc; feats of prestidigitation and ventriloquism delight the juveniles; and models and drawings calculated to promote the saving of life in railway travelling afford instruction to others.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The amusing entertainment provided by the famous "Tom Thump" and his diminutive relations furnished the numerous visitors here with no reason to regret the selection they had made; and the always courteous Commodore Nutt seemed delighted to repeat, for their gratification, any portion of his performance which was received with more strongly-marked signs of favour.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The amusements at this favourite and now recognised place of recreation for the inhabitants of London and visitors to the metropolis, were as varied and interesting to the large mass assembled on Easter Monday within the palace and grounds as on any former occasion. Throughout the day and up to dusk the successive trains now in connexion with the different termini of the metropolis brought visitors from every part of London, as well as excursionists from the country to the extent of 26,000.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German had and Mr. John Barry gave to the holiday folk their lively new entertainment, called "The Peculiar Family," and "Mrs. Hoselot at the Seaside." The clever combination of a variety of talents exhibited by these caterers to amusement will never be forgotten by those who once pay a visit to these popular favourites.

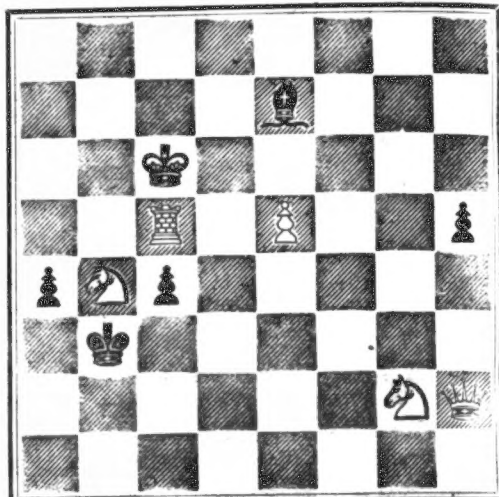
POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—The company who have established themselves here, under the title of "Christy's Coloured Comedians," will be found quite equal in their mimic-provoking powers to any that have previously occupied a position in the metropolis. They have been well patronised during the week.

MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.—At the Egyptian Hall, Mr. Arthur Sketchley was perfectly at home. The gossip about Paris has been illustrated by some new and effective pictorial illustrations. The first portion of the entertainment, now called "Paris Portrayed," thoroughly justified its title; and the second part, occupied by Mrs. Brown, whose description of a visit to "Queen Victoria's own theatre" is perpetually being embellished by the more imagination of the noble narrator, has been rendered more amusing than ever.

H. WALKER'S CROQUETTES.—The new Patent Uncooperative Handles keep the Halls at all times in true position. By post, 100 needles, 1s.; a set of Paralytic, 5s. to 1s.; set Uncooperative, 1s. Address to the Queen, Alcester, and 47, Greenway-street, London.—[Advertisement.]

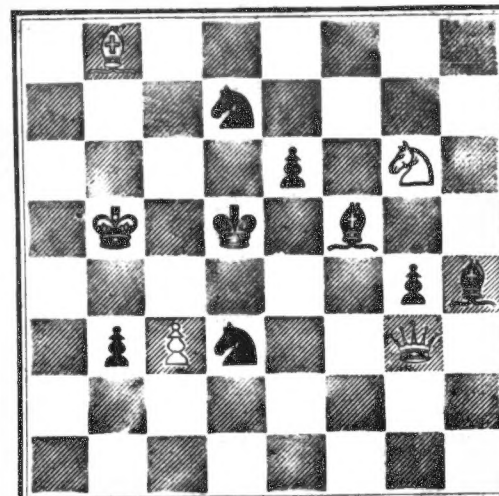
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 255.—By Mr. W. GRIMSHAW.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.
[From the "Chess World."]

PROBLEM No. 256.—By C. W., of Sunbury.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

HEINRICH FISCH.—The game submitted by you is fairly played for novices, but it is not up to the standard for publication.

T. B. FRANK.—The Pawn must be exchanged for a piece on its arrival at the opposite side of the board; it cannot remain as a Pawn.

J. S.—No such position as that forwarded by you could, by any possibility, occur in actual play. How could Black's Bishop get to K4 square whilst the K's Pawn remains on its original square?

W. WRIGHT.—We have never seen Chessmen made of gutta percha, and cannot, therefore, tell you the price of men made of that material.

W. KEMP.—The result of the move (checkmate) is the best answer to your query. By taking en passant, you prolong the mate for two more moves.

ENVIRONS OF PARIS—ISLAND ST. OUE.

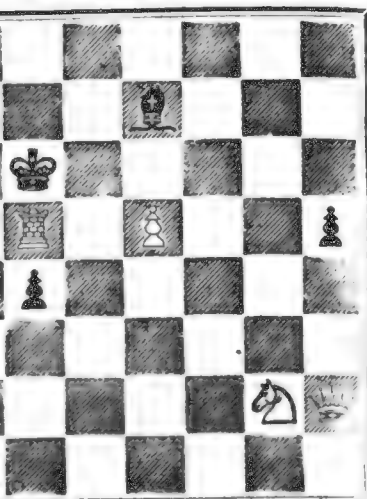
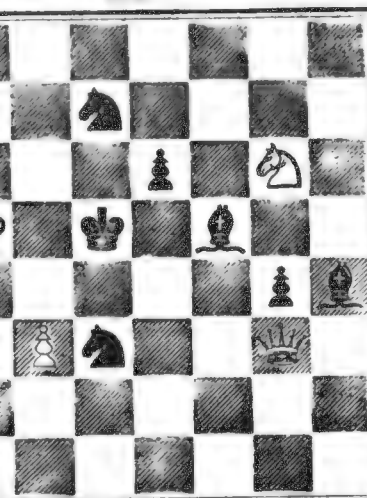
As a specimen of the scenery in the environs of Paris, we give our readers an engraving, on page 716, of St. Ouen. It is situated about four miles to the north of Paris, on the right bank of the Seine. It boasts of a chateau where Louis XVIII signed the "Declaration of St. Ouen," on May 2, 1814.

A COURAGEOUS ECCLESIASTIC.—The Union mentions that the Abbe Quarry, cure of Ferriere, and Bieterio, cure of St. Clement (Alier), were in danger of falling victims to their devotedness during the late severe weather in that department. While on their way to assist the inhabitants of the village of Lavoinne, which was almost buried beneath the snow, they were attacked by six wolves. The Abbe Quarry climbed up a tree, while the other, who was armed with a revolver, resolutely faced the animals, and, having brought two to the ground, forced the rest to make off.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Vander-Smissen, commander of the Belgian detachment in Mexico, has narrowly escaped being killed by one of his officers, Captain Delannoy, son of the general of that name, in a duel arising out of the following incident. Some days after the arrival of the detachment in Mexico the commanding officer received from the Emperor Maximilian four letters of invitation to a court ball. Lieutenant-Colonel Vander-Smissen having distributed the cards to four officers of aristocratic family, Captain Delannoy, when at table on the following day, made an observation rather offensive to the commander. "There are not here," said the captain, "either nobles or commanders; there are only officers, and no distinction between them should be made." At these words the Lieutenant-Colonel raised his arm and made a disdainful movement towards his subordinate, who had taken the liberty to give him a lesson. On the following day Captain Delannoy sent his seconds to the lieutenant-colonel, and a hostile meeting with pistols was the result. The captain fired first, and his bullet grazed the ear of his antagonist. The latter, who was accustomed to amuse himself at Brussels by killing snails on the wing, with pistols loaded with ball, declared that he had done wrong, and refused to fire in his turn. "I will not kill you," he said to Captain Delannoy, "for I was to blame."

PARKING AND GORRO'S RACE. Waiting Cars for 2s. or free by post for twenty-eight stamps, lined with writing-paper, envelopes, pencils and pens, blotting-books, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND silver and gold was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for the utility, durability, and cheapness. 200,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKING and GORRO, 25, Abchurch-lane, London.—[Advertisement.]

CHESS.

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to move, and mate in three moves.
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his turn. "I will not kill you," he said to Captain
I was to blame."JOHN'S KATE'S WALKING CASE for 2s. (or free by post
—London, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

CATCHER OF A SMUGGLER.—John Riley, a suspected person, was brought before Mr. Flowers, on remand, charged with having concealed in his house, Mr. James Brennan, a man, agent, and late inspector of police, possession. Mr. James Brennan, a man, agent, and late inspector of police, was charged with having concealed in his house, Mr. James Brennan, a man, agent, and late inspector of police, possession. Mr. James Brennan, a man, agent, and late inspector of police, was charged with having concealed in his house, Mr. James Brennan, a man, agent, and late inspector of police, possession.

WESTMINSTER.
BRUTAL AND UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.—Patrick Lynch, a big Irishman, was charged with the following brutal and unprovoked assault. Timothy Sullivan, an Irishman, who came from the street, said that on the previous evening he was in a public-house, and was sitting at a table with two other Irishmen. Patrick Lynch, a big Irishman, was charged with the following brutal and unprovoked assault. Timothy Sullivan, an Irishman, who came from the street, said that on the previous evening he was in a public-house, and was sitting at a table with two other Irishmen.

A VERY OLD OFFENDER.—Martha Humphreys, a woman upwards of sixty years of age, was charged under the following circumstances:—On the previous Saturday night a boy named James Grove was passing through College-street, Chelsea, when he saw the prisoner carrying four potatoes, and was charged with the following brutal and unprovoked assault. Timothy Sullivan, an Irishman, who came from the street, said that on the previous evening he was in a public-house, and was sitting at a table with two other Irishmen.

A BOTTLE SWAMP.—James Corcoran, aged 41, described on the charge sheet as a chimney-sweep, a wild-looking man, residing at 1, Sawyer-street, St. Luke's, was charged with feloniously cutting and placing in a bottle, and then drinking from the bottle, a quantity of wine, and was charged with the following brutal and unprovoked assault. Timothy Sullivan, an Irishman, who came from the street, said that on the previous evening he was in a public-house, and was sitting at a table with two other Irishmen.

THE SILENT OF PARIS.—ISLAND ST. OVEN.
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MISTRESS CHARGED WITH ASSAULTING HER SERVANT.—Augusta Martin, who described herself as the keeper of a lodging-house, at 12, Hampstead-street, Fitzroy-square, was charged before Mr. J. W. L. with the following brutal and unprovoked assault. Timothy Sullivan, an Irishman, who came from the street, said that on the previous evening he was in a public-house, and was sitting at a table with two other Irishmen.

MARY HENRY.
A young woman, who gave her address as 12, Hampstead-street, Fitzroy-square, was charged before Mr. J. W. L. with the following brutal and unprovoked assault. Timothy Sullivan, an Irishman, who came from the street, said that on the previous evening he was in a public-house, and was sitting at a table with two other Irishmen.

WORSHIP STREET.
A respectable-looking person, described as a man, residing at 12, Hampstead-street, Fitzroy-square, was charged before Mr. J. W. L. with the following brutal and unprovoked assault. Timothy Sullivan, an Irishman, who came from the street, said that on the previous evening he was in a public-house, and was sitting at a table with two other Irishmen.

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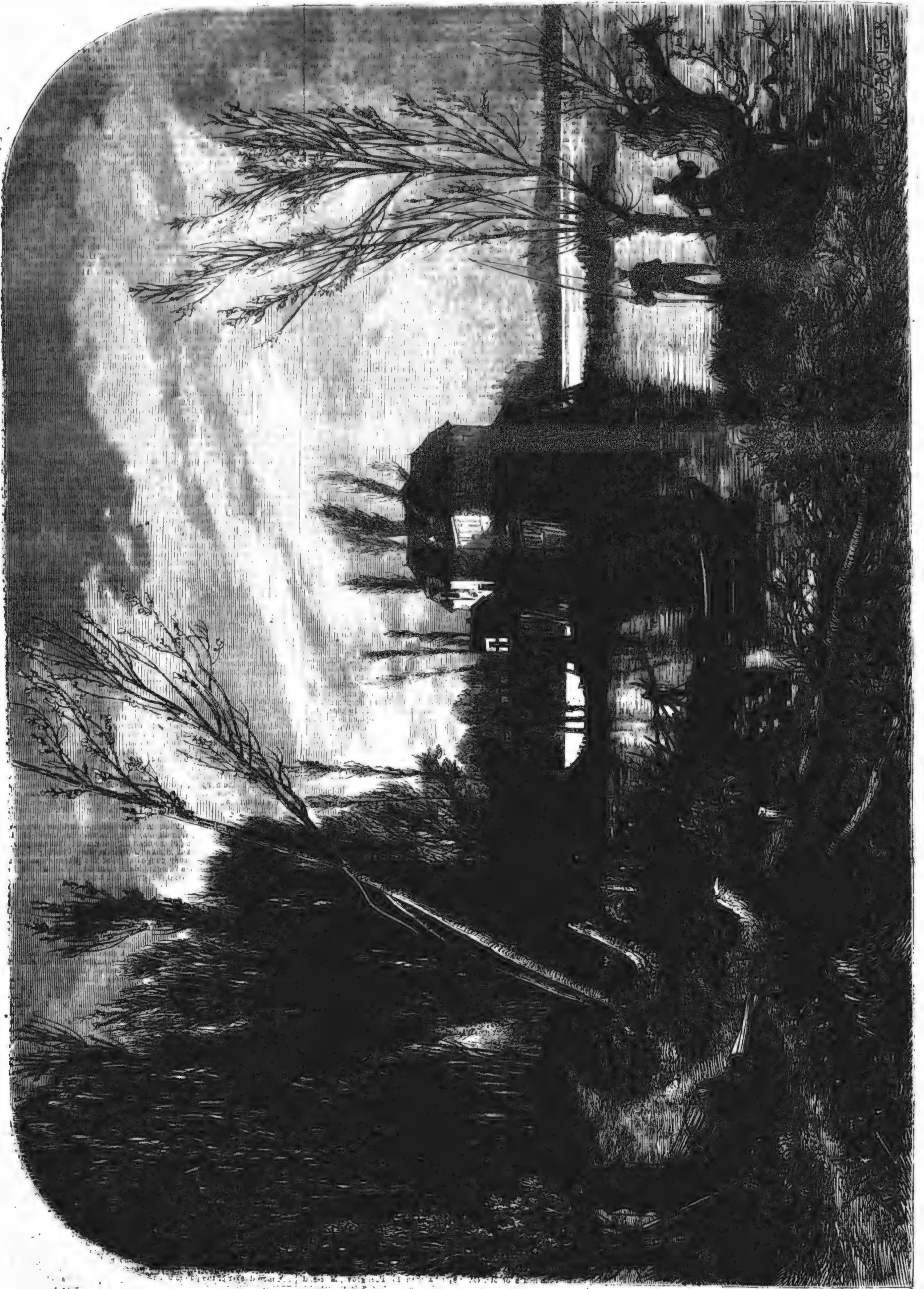
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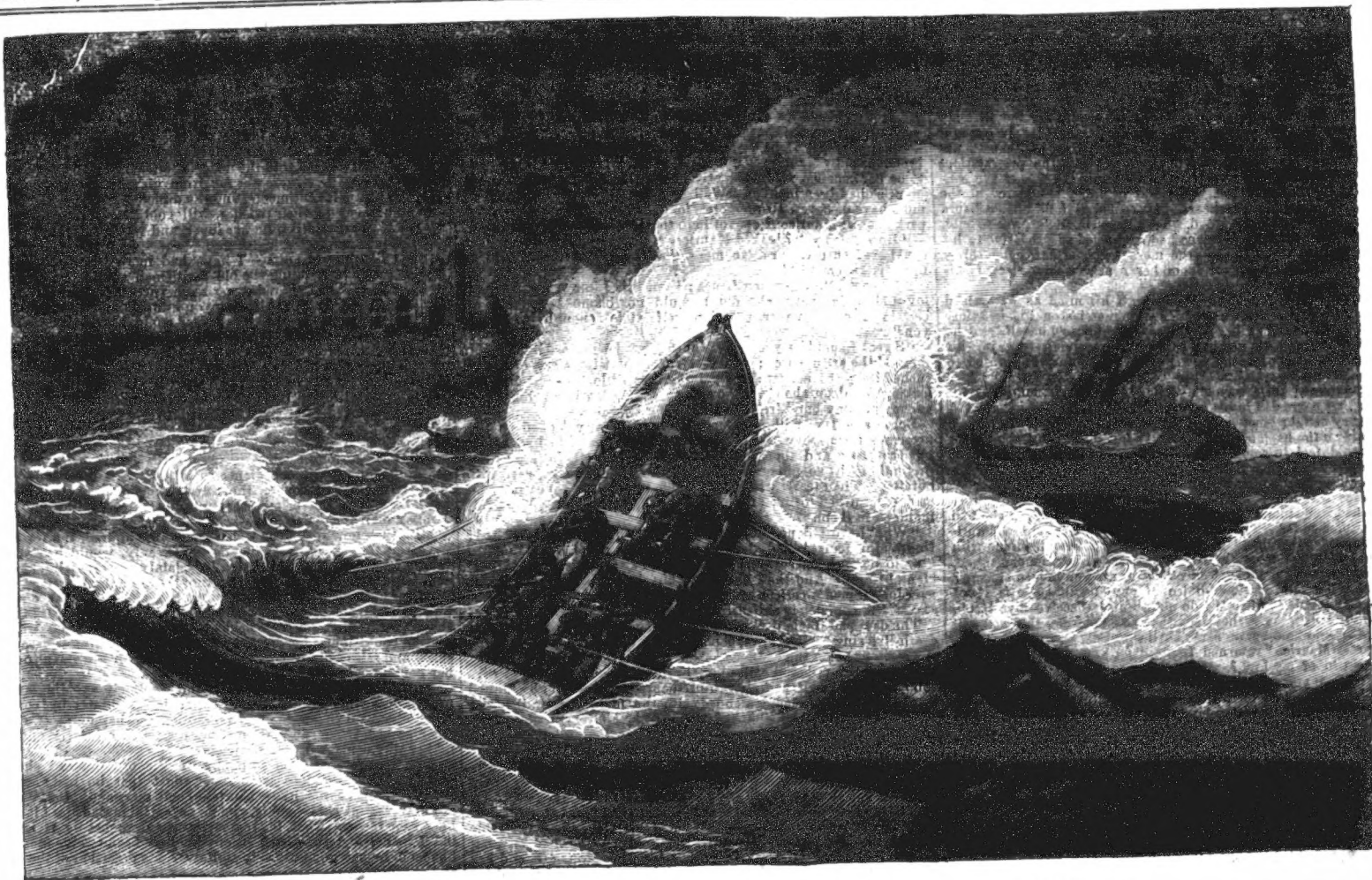
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ENVIRONS OF PARIS.—ISLAND OF ST. CUEEN. (See page 714.)



THE LIFEBOAT PROCEEDING TO THE WRECK OF THE STANLEY, ON TYNEMOUTH BAR.

LIFEBELTS FOR SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

THE committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution have for several years been painfully impressed by the fact, that, notwithstanding all the efforts made to rescue shipwrecked seamen, by means of the numerous lifeboats and rocket and mortar establishments which now happily surround our coasts, there are yet large numbers of sailors, amounting to several hundred annually, who miserably perish on our shores.

After a full consideration of the subject, and taking for their data the results of accidents to lifeboats, the crews of which have not been provided with efficient lifebelts, and of others which have not been so, the committee have come to the conclusion that a large number of the unfortunate men who are thus every year lost to their friends and their country, might be saved, if they were invariably supplied with really efficient lifebelts.

With a view to bring about so desirable an end the committee of the National Lifeboat Institution have, in the first place, caused to

be prepared, an efficient cork lifebelt of so simple and inexpensive a character that its costliness, at all events, should be no barrier to its universal supply to our merchant seamen. Secondly,—They have decided to make an appeal to the owners of all merchant vessels, but especially of those in the home and coasting trade, on behalf of the seamen who work their craft, and whose lives are risked in their service, and to implore them to provide their servants with this important means of safety. Thirdly,—The committee have determined to undertake, at least for a time, the supply of lifebelts of the description above referred to, at cost price, with a view to bring about their general use on board our merchant ships.

It is proposed to supply these belts, in chests, containing the requisite number for every size of vessel, through the Custom Houses and shipping offices at the principal ports, and to which sample chests will be at once forwarded.

The cost of each belt will be 4s., and the average cost of the chest to contain them will be 10s.

A popular writer lately commenced a tale by asking the question "Is a man's life worth 10s. 6d.?" In now appealing to the owners of ships and employers of seamen, the committee would ask the question, "Is a man's life worth 1s.?"

It is hoped that those immediately interested in the movement, namely, the owners of ships and fishing-vessels, and the crews themselves, will so readily undertake its direction, that there will be no need for the more direct action of the society.

We may add that applications for chests of belts may be forwarded to the Secretary of the National Lifeboat Institution, John-street, Adelphi, London, and to the Collectors of Customs and shipping masters at the different ports of the United Kingdom.

If additional force be required to urge the adoption of these lifebelts, we now appeal to the eye—and refer our readers to the illustration of the wreck of the Stanley, of which we gave particulars at the time. Had these belts been in use, how many more lives might have been saved?

Literature.

THE INCONSTANT.

HELEN LACY was as pretty a girl as ever ardent lover bent knee to; and, better than that, she was as good as she was pretty. Her cheerful temper and affectionate, obliging disposition rendered her the favourite alike of old and young, and disarmed even envy itself; for the most scandalizing gossip was never heard to whisper a word against the sweet and gentle Helen Lacy. It was well known her heart had been long given, and her hand promised, to Maurice Whitby, the playmate of her childhood, the companion of her riper years.

The lover and affianced husband of Helen was a farmer's son; and being an only child, it was of course understood that he would succeed his father in the possession of the farm, and that consequently he was a very eligible suitor; but as Helen's parents were also in very good circumstances, her father being a market-gardener, and having a very flourishing business, with only Helen and a younger daughter to provide for, it appeared altogether as if they were made for each other.

That they were a well-assorted pair as far as external appearance was concerned, no one could deny. His tall athletic form seemed well adapted to protect her slight and sylph-like one; while her soft and gentle manners proved a mild corrective of his somewhat assuming and haughty bearing. That he loved her none could doubt, when they witnessed the magic influence she exercised over his naturally untractable spirit; that she loved him was fully proved by the universal patience with which she soothed his wayward spirit, and charmed him by her mild influence, to peace and love.

For Maurice was selfish, turbulent, and fickle; and it might well be doubted if aught so holy as pure love could find a place in a heart already possessed by such evil spirits. Helen's eyes, however, were shut to the imperfections in her lover's character, and though his selfishness was too often made apparent in the sacrifices he exacted of her wishes to his, and his turbulent temper in the fierceness with which he resented anything in the shape of opposition, she, with the fatal blindness common to love, could never see his faults; the sickness of his character she was doomed to learn by bitter and heart-breaking experience.

It had been agreed between the parents of the lovers that on Maurice attaining the age of twenty-one he should become the husband of his long-loved Helen, who was three years his junior; for they judged, and perhaps wisely, that the young folk would feel more settled and contented when the fluttering and uncertainty of courtship were exchanged for the sober reality of matrimony.

It wanted but four months of the time appointed to "join two tender hearts in one," as the valentines have it, when Mr. Lacy

received a letter from his sister, who was a widow residing in Preston, intimating her intention of paying him a visit, and of bringing with her an only daughter, who was about four years the senior of Helen, whom she represented as being in a very delicate state of health, and recommended by her physician to try the benefit of country air.

An answer expressive of the pleasure the proposed visit would confer, was immediately despatched, and all hands put in requisition to prepare for the reception of the expected visitors. Beds were aired, curtains hung, jugs filled with fresh-plucked flowers, and no pains spared to ensure their comfort and enjoyment, and to give them a welcome.

Meanwhile there was one individual who by no means participated in all this joyous bustle; on the contrary, fearing that the time and attention of Helen would naturally be much occupied with her aunt and cousin on their arrival, which Maurice conceived would materially interfere with his own comfort and convenience, he was by turns gloomy and irritable. Indeed, so far did his selfish anger transport him that even Helen's sweet temper was well nigh overpowered. He contrived, however, to persuade her that it was the excessive affection he entertained for her which made him so unreasonable, and his mild, forgiving spirit was quickly appeased.

The appointed day at length arrived, and with it the expected visitors. Mrs. Lennox was a buxom widow, not yet (so at least it would appear she thought) past the marrying age; and her daughter Laura, a brunette and a beauty, notwithstanding her alleged delicate health, as desirous of winning a husband as her mother was.

The reception being over, and Laura ensconced in the easy chair, for she appeared determined to play the part of an invalid, Mrs. Lennox found time to observe the blooming and retiring Helen.

"Well, brother," she said, "my niece Helen is a charming girl. I suppose, like the rest of our young girls, she is beginning to look out for a husband."

"Yes," returned Mr. Lacy, laughing, "and she has been pretty successful, too; for we expect to lose our little handmaid in the month of October."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Laura, with vivacity, "is my demure little cousin going to be married so soon as that? Well, of course, I suppose we shall have the pleasure of seeing the happy intended."

Though this was spoken with much apparent playfulness, there was a bitterness in the heart of the speaker which she found it difficult to conceal. It was unobserved, however, by her simple-minded relatives, her mother alone fully comprehending her feelings.

Mr. Lacy then proceeded to inform his sister of the circumstances and prospects of his intended son-in-law, and of the long enduring affection that had subsisted between his daughter and her lover, concluding with these words:—

"So you see, my dear sister, our Helen has not made bad use of her time; and though we shall all miss her, for I assure you she is a general favourite, yet I hope and believe that her choice is a pru-

dent one. All I can say is, if she is as happy as she deserves to be we shall none of us have reason to complain."

Maurice did not pay his accustomed visit till after tea, and when he did enter, his fine, manly figure and really handsome countenance, added to the agreeable manners he knew so well how to assume, won at once the admiration of both mother and daughter—the latter, indeed, inwardly resolving that no efforts should be wanting on her part to supplant her cousin in the affections of so charming a young man. In truth, she regarded Helen—who from her meekness she at once set down for a ninny,—as quite unworthy to be the wife of Maurice, more especially when his pecuniary advantages were taken into consideration.

To succeed in her object, Laura well knew she must study the character of him she intended to beguile—that she must discover his weak points, and attack him there; and as the mere contemplation of such a scheme proclaimed her to be devoid of all principle, we must not suppose that she would have any scruples as to the means to be employed necessary to effect her purpose.

Accordingly, under the plea of fatigue, she remained quiet the whole evening, an inactive though observant spectator of all that occurred, contenting herself with assuming the most graceful and alluring attitudes, which her reclining posture enabled her to do, and which she had the satisfaction of observing were by no means lost upon Maurice.

On retiring for the night, she contrived to draw Helen, who accompanied her to her bed-chamber, into conversation, and the ready replies she received to her artful questions put her into full possession of all she wanted to know. Her ready perception and quick apprehensions enabled her to comprehend at a glance the weak points in Maurice's character; she saw his vanity in his selfishness, and never doubted that, by administering to those, she should be able to secure her victim.

Laura, however, was determined not to spoil her plans by precipitation. "Slow and sure" was her motto; and, accordingly, for some time she continued to play the invalid; winning Maurice gradually to her side by the softest accents and the sweetest smiles. And, sooth to say, he soon appeared to be nothing loath; bringing her daily the sweetest flowers, the ripest fruit, lingering longer by her side, and leaving it evidently with deeper regret.

As Mrs. Lennox required Helen's attendance in the walks she took about the country, Maurice had a good excuse to remain beside Laura; and Helen's unsuspecting nature prevented her thinking aught evil respecting her lover or her cousin. Thus the plans of Laura succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations. Maurice was fairly infatuated by her beauty, her wit, and her accomplishments, all of which were employed to the utmost for the purpose of winning his regard.

At length Laura declared herself so far recovered as to be quite equal for a short walk; and with her usual duplicity took care to choose a day for first venturing out, when she knew that Helen would be detained at home; well knowing that she would ensure the attendance as her chaperon. The morning was lovely; the sun

shone forth in unclouded beauty; the birds breathed out their sweetest melody, and all nature seemed rejoicing, as, leaning on the arm of Maurice, Laura went forth in all the pride of beauty, her heart bounding with triumph as she marked the gaze of tender admiration with which the young man greeted her appearance as she entered the room attired for the proposed walk.

They took their way along a shady lane, and for the first few minutes a profound silence reigned, each being too deeply engaged in thought to desire conversation. The path they had chosen was one which had often witnessed the vows of love, the protestations of constancy which Maurice had poured into the ears of the confiding Helen, his affianced wife; and he fairly shuddered at the stored feelings of his own heart. It seemed as if till he saw Laura Lennox, he had not understood what love was. Helen was so mild, so gentle, that her very presence had ever acted as a sedative to his stormy feelings; but Laura—the mere touch of her hand threw him into a fever; a glance from her eye seemed to electrify his whole frame.

These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind as he walked beside her who had made so sudden an impression on his imagination; but the sound of her voice recalled him to himself, and he speedily dismissed his sombre reflections, resolving to enjoy his present happiness while the power of doing so was yet granted to him.

They pursued their way conversing on different subjects; for Maurice yet concealed in his own bosom the feelings that grieved while they delighted him; until Laura began to expatiate in glowing language on the happiness of a country life, expressing the regret she should feel in returning to Preston, and ending her artful eulogium by declaring that her cousin Helen's lot was one which even a queen might envy.

Maurice was not proof against this home thrust; and surely Laura had well studied the character of her companion, or she had not ventured so far. The result, however, was what she had anticipated; taking her hand in his, and looking into her face with eyes in which the most ardent passion was visible, he exclaimed, "Laura, dearest Laura, do you mock me, or are you indeed sincere? Can you think your cousin an object of envy because she is about to become my wife? If so, if I do not absurdly deceive myself, oh, confirm my hopes, my wishes; say that you love me, that you will be my wife, and no other on earth shall ever hear that title."

"Dearest Maurice," returned Laura, "do you require words to convince you of my love? Have you not seen it in my every action? Have you not read it in every glance? You may value it less; I have been told men are often ungrateful; you may, I say, value it less, when you learn how sincerely, how entirely my heart is your own; but—"

"Value it less, beloved Laura!" interrupted the impatient Maurice; "do not so wrong my love, nor your own ingenious nature; do not class me among those ingrates of whom you have heard. Dear Laura, believe me, from the moment I first entered your presence my heart acknowledged your power; from that moment it became a helpless captive, a willing slave to your surpassing charms!"

This homage filled the heart of the unprincipled Laura with unbounded delight; but suddenly recollecting herself, "And Helen," she said; "what, dear Maurice, will she say to your infidelity?"

The name of his betrothed thus suddenly uttered, and the conviction of her wrongs and his own base treachery thus instantaneously brought before his mind, caused a pang of acute pain to shoot through the heart of Maurice. He pondered a few minutes, and then he exclaimed, "No, I dare not meet her again; we must fly! Say, my Laura, can you be content to leave your mother, your friends, and go with me to some far distant place where none shall know us? I have the means, I am not without money, and something I shall soon strike out which will enable me to procure more?"

But this was a plan which Laura had neither anticipated, nor was she at all disposed to consent; dissembling, however, her chagrin, she answered with one of her sweetest smiles, "Dear Maurice, you cannot be in earnest. Why should we fly? why depart as though we had done something wrong? Trust me, it will be far better to remain; your change of sentiments must soon become apparent to Helen, and she will release you from your engagement of her own accord. Our attachment may then be acknowledged in the face of day, and we may be honourably united. Surely this is far better than running away."

"But how to meet her, how to face the woman I have so cruelly wronged! Oh, Laura, you do not know how good, how amiable she is; nor how sensible I am how much she loves me."

"I can well imagine her love for you, Maurice, by the extent of my own," returned Laura, in a half reproachful tone, "But you cannot, of course, expect to retain the love of both; for my own part, I would immediately decline all participation in a divided heart."

"Nay, now this is the most unkind, dearest Laura," remonstrated Maurice. "God knows my heart is not a divided one; still I cannot but feel remorse at the misery I am heaping on the head of Helen. But be it as you propose; let events take their course. Helen Lacy, though not suspicious, has much penetration, and she will quickly discover that she is no longer beloved. Brought up together from infancy, her superiority over the other village maidens naturally engaged my preference, and, simple fool! I thought this love. Oh, how unlike the passion that now consumes me. It was reserved for you, dearest Laura, to teach me the reality of love."

These protestations convinced Laura that her power over her lover was yet undiminished; and to retain it was now her sole end, and aim, for much she feared the gentle unobtrusive charms of her cousin would win back the heart of which she had taken such pains to deprive her.

How love blinds its votaries. Though entirely worthless that heart; though every way unworthy the regard of sweet Helen, it matters not; she loved Maurice; and to her he was all that could be imagined of either good or great.

They now turned their steps homeward; and on arriving there, Mrs. Lennox met them at the door.

"I was going to chide you, Laura," she said, "for remaining out so long; but really the fresh air and exercise seems to have had a magical effect upon you. How much better you look."

"Yes," said Mr. Lacy, "if I had not seen them come down the lane, I am certain I should have accused Laura of robbing my garden. She absolutely looks as though she had been plucking the roses to transfer them to her cheeks."

This observation of her uncle's was little calculated to lessen the glow on Laura's cheeks—a glow caused by gratified vanity and triumphant success.

Every one who has loved knows the almost imperceptible but certain change that takes place in the manners of lovers after the declaration has been made—the grand secret revealed. Thus it was that Maurice and Laura, untroubled of the presence of others, betrayed their feelings in a thousand minor instances. The chair of Maurice was ever placed by that of Laura; they read the same book; they sang together; they walked together; and yet all this took place apparently so naturally, and by such imperceptible degrees, that it was long before the eyes of Helen were opened to the hideous reality.

One evening she was sitting alone in a summer-house in the garden. She had a book in her hand; but she was not reading—her spirits were unaccountably oppressed, and she had fallen into a fit of musing. She had been walking out with Maurice; and of late she had become gradually aware of a change in his demeanour towards her, though exactly in what manner she could not account even to herself. He was not unkind—he was not distant; on the contrary, he was kinder, more considerate, than she had ever known him; and yet she felt estranged from him—she felt that

they were disunited—separated. Her thoughts reverted to her cousin as the cause; and then, remembering that Laura was to leave them the following week, she was quite angry with herself as her heart gave a bound of joy at the recollection.

At this moment, and while she was yet lecturing herself on the gross selfishness of her disposition, footsteps approached, and immediately afterwards she heard voices behind the leafy screen of which the summer-house was composed. She rose to quit the arbour; but her steps were arrested by hearing her own name pronounced by Maurice Whitby. A voice, which she at once knew to be her cousin's, said, evidently in answer to some remark which Maurice had been making, "Well, would you not have thought she must have discovered our secret long before this? For my part, I cannot help thinking she is wilfully blind."

"How mean you?" asked Maurice. "Think you if her pure heart could even suspect our attachment, that she would seek to hold me to my engagement?"

"I know not," answered Laura; "but this I know, my own beloved Maurice, that if she did I could not blame her; for I am certain I could never prove myself stoic enough to resign you."

"Sweet Laura!" murmured Maurice, as he pressed his lips to those of the artful girl; while Helen, suppressing a cry of agony, rushed from the arbour; and gaining her little bed-chamber, and looking the door, she threw herself on the bed, while a long, deep groan of agony burst from her labouring bosom.

Long she lay, still and motionless. Had any looked on that prostrate form, they would have concluded that life had left it; but that now and then a deep sob shook her whole frame; and presently sighs so piteous broke forth as though her heart were bursting. Then tears, whose reasonable relief alone saved her from madness, gushed forth; and feeling the relief they were, she fully indulged in them.

"What have I done," soliloquized she, "to be so cruelly treated? Ungrateful Laura! and deceiving Maurice! Ah! what have I now to do with life? Without his love existence is but a dreary blank to me." And then she wept afresh; and, strange to say, weeping seemed a perfect luxury to her, and she indulged in it to excess, till, completely exhausted, she fell asleep.

The day had long declined when Helen woke from her lengthy death-like slumber. At first she knew not where she was, nor how she came to be on the bed.

On recovering her recollection, however, Helen began to take counsel with herself as to her future course; for although stunned by the blow, which had descended with the more force in being so completely unexpected, she had yet sufficient strength of mind to look her trouble fairly in the face, to consider its probable results, and courageously to determine to abide them.

After mature deliberation, she resolved on taking an early opportunity of speaking to Maurice and Laura when they were together, and thus to put an end to their suspense and her own; for Helen was not one that could feign feelings she had not, nor could she easily hide her real sentiments; and although she was unable at once to root up all the tenderness which she had so long cherished for her faithless lover, her heart was too pure, and her mind too well regulated, long to entertain sentiments of regard for one who had proved himself so utterly unworthy her regard. She had just arrived at this conclusion, when a gentle tap at the door and the voice of her young sister, Jane, summoned her to supper. After hastily bathing her face, to remove all traces of emotion from her countenance, with a beating heart she descended to the parlour.

Although poor Helen deemed herself prepared to encounter whatever trial might await her, she started, and turned deadly pale, on beholding Maurice seated on the sofa beside her cousin, engaged in familiar chat. And why did she start? She had seen the same thing repeatedly before, and the pulses of her heart had not quickened, neither had her colour fled; but now her eyes were opened; and many things that had before passed unnoticed were now regarded as of infinite importance.

Supper ended, Helen pleaded a headache, and retired to her room, but not to sleep—not to rest. Again and again she resolved to think no more; but who can enchain the thoughts—who can shut up the memory, and forget the past?

Worn out, at length she slept—a dull, heavy, dreamless sleep; but which so renovated her exhausted powers, that, after the pang which she was sure to feel on first awaking, she was conscious of less depression on her mind and spirits than she had felt the evening before. As she was accustomed to assist her mother in the household duties, she had, happily, less opportunity of giving way to depressing reflections. Two or three days passed, during which she could find no means of speaking to the lovers, for such she now perceived they, in reality, were; but, two days before the intended departure of Laura and her mother, the long-desired opportunity at last presented itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, Jane and Mrs. Lennox had gone to visit some old friends at a farmhouse some distance from home; and thus the young people were left in undisturbed possession.

After dinner they walked into the garden, and sat down in the very arbour in which poor Helen received the first intimation of a circumstance that had caused her such anguish. Maurice was busily engaged in removing the stalks from some strawberries, previous to their being turned into a bowl of cream, when Laura observed, "This time next week, Maurice, you and I shall be far asunder."

"Perhaps not," replied Helen, with quiet gravity. The remark, however, caused her companions to look surprised; but, without heeding their looks, she went on thus:—"It is fully time we should understand one another, and play no longer at hide and seek."

The guilty pair were overwhelmed with confusion, and quite unable, had they been willing, to interrupt her.

"It appears," she continued, addressing Maurice, "that your feelings are changed with regard to me. For this I do not blame you. The affections are not to be controlled; but, having enjoyed your confidence so long—and I am not aware of having done anything to merit losing it—I certainly did expect that you would have acted more ingeniously towards me. You could not surely, fear that I would seek to fetter you, if you seriously desired your freedom. To you, Laura, I have little to say but this—may you be happy in his affections, and be enabled to retain them better than I have been." She ceased speaking directly quitting the arbour, before either of the culprits had sufficiently recovered from their surprise to make her any reply.

The lovers sat some time silent and abashed. The long-desired release had come at last; but had it brought with it the expected happiness? No, the mild remonstrance of the injured Helen had inflicted pain of a nature far more severe than the sharpest reproach would have done. They tried to rally, but vainly—conscience was busy in the hearts of both, and, for once, would be heard.

Helen appeared no more that evening, and the lovers separated early, less pleased with themselves and each other than they had ever been since their first meeting.

The morning sun, however, dispelled these gloomy reflections, and mutual congratulations passed between them on the chief obstacle to their union being removed. The termination of the visit to Mrs. Lennox and her daughter being at hand, it was agreed between Laura and her lover that he should take the first opportunity to acquaint his father with the change in his sentiments, and then follow her to town, to make her his wife. It was also decided that Maurice should try and induce the old man to advance a sum of money, to enable him to engage in a mercantile pursuit; for as to taking up their abode in his native village, after his conduct to Helen, it was what they could neither of them endure to think of.

These arrangements being made, Mrs. Lennox took her leave of

her brother and his family at the appointed time; and, accompanied by her daughter, returned to Preston.

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Lennox was ignorant of the schemes of Laura, nor of the success that had attended them. That she rejoiced at the latter circumstance will be easily believed, when it is considered that her daughter, whom she had trained in the most expensive manner, was totally dependent on her, and that her income was by no means large; having ascertained, therefore, that Mr. Whitby was independent, and that Maurice was his only child, she was well pleased that the match should take place.

Mr. Whitby, however, was far from viewing the matter in the same light. His sentiments, and the difficulty Maurice had to bring him to consent to their wishes, will be better shown in a letter which Laura received from her lover, and which ran thus:—

"MY BELOVED LAURA,—I have had more trouble than I can well describe in bringing the old gentleman round to our wishes, and verily believe I should never have succeeded had it not been for the gentle Helen herself, who you know is an especial favourite with my father (by the by, she never could have loved me). She assured him that she was quite willing to resign me to you. So at last he consented to the marriage, and I am to have a snug sum of money to start me in business. So you may commence making preparations for our wedding, as I shall be in town this day week, and would wish the ceremony performed with all despatch. Believe me, beloved Laura, your faithful lover,

"MAURICE."

Thus far fortune seemed to favour the lovers, and to turn her wheel obsequiously in obedience to all their desires. The happy day arrived in due course, the nuptial benediction was bestowed upon them, and the priest pronounced Maurice Whitby and Laura Lennox man and wife.

Meantime how sped poor Helen Lacy—the injured, the forsaken? To assert that she did not suffer deeply, keenly, would be swearing from the truth; that fact being so plainly apparent by her pale countenance and languid step for months after the marriage of the false one. But here was not a mind to sink under such a stroke. The first acute agony over, she was constrained, on reflection, to acknowledge that such a sickle mind was no stay on which a woman could found her hopes; that a love so shifting—insecure as sand, and false as ice—was a bad foundation for a woman to build her happiness upon.

By thus reasoning on the matter, and resolutely avoiding any reminiscences which might tend to soften her feelings; by constant occupation, and consulting and promoting the happiness of others, she regained, in time, a portion of her former cheerfulness, and went on her way contented, if not rejoicing.

And Maurice—was he as happy in the path he had chosen? Whispers and rumours were soon afloat that he had abandoned reason to repent his hasty courtship and marriage. Certain it is, the extravagant habits of his wife made fearful inroads on his really handsome income; that his remonstrances were met by ridicule or indifference; and that long before he had been twelve months a husband, he had good cause to sigh over his desertion of the sweet and gentle Helen.

Helen Lacy never married. Many there were who wished to call her wife, but she had felt too deeply the unfaithfulness of him she had truly loved, the companion of her childhood, the chosen of her heart, to look with an eye of love on any other.

And years afterwards, when death had released Maurice from his long repented engagement, and he hastened to the feet of his first love to implore her forgiveness, and that she would seal it with her hand, her calm and determined reply was:—

"I forgive your inconstancy long ago. I have not the power to forget; but should forgetfulness ever be granted me, I will at once become your wife."

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—No time should be lost now in potting off young cuttings as soon as they are sufficiently rooted. Propagate chrysanthemums by cuttings, or by taking off the young rooted suckers, which should be potted singly in small pots, and placed in gentle heat. Sow hardy annuals for late flowering. Thin herbaceous plants where crowded. Plant hollyhocks in rich ground, deeply dug. Sow pansies for autumnal flowering. Give standard roses a good soaking with manure water. Keep the roller and scythe in frequent use on lawns.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Earth up advancing crops, and make fresh sowings of beans, peas, lettuce, radishes, scarlet runners, &c. Sow Brussels sprouts and other greens. Prick out all young plants sufficiently forward. If potatoes are not already in, plant at once. Dig between rows of advancing crops. Look well to weeding and thinning.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue disbudding and necessary pruning. Protect blossom on wall trees. Look to grafts; and if the sun has cracked the clay, fill up the crevices.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TOAD.—During the excavations which are being carried out under the superintendence of Mr. James Yeal, of Dyke House Quay, in connexion with the Hartlepool Waterworks, the workmen on Friday morning week found a toad embedded in a block of magnesian limestone, at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface of the earth and eight feet from any spring water vein. The block of stone had been cut by a wedge, and was being reduced by workmen, when a pick split open the cavity in which the toad had been incarcerated. The cavity was no larger than its body, and presented the appearance of being a coat of it. The toad's eyes shone with unusual brilliancy, and it was full of vivacity on its liberation. It appeared when first discovered desirous to perform the process of respiration, but evidently experienced some difficulty, and the only sign of success consisted of a "barking" noise, which it continues invariably to make at present on being touched. The toad is in the possession of Mr. S. Horner, the president of the Natural History Society, and continues in as lively a state as when found. On a minute examination, its mouth is found to be completely closed, and the barking noise it makes proceeds from its nostrils. The claws of its fore feet are turned inwards, and its hind ones are of extraordinary length, and unlike the present English toad. The Rev. E. Taylor, incumbent of St. Hilda's Church, Hartlepool, who is an eminent local geologist, gives it as his opinion that the animal must be at least 6,000 years old. This wonderful toad is to be placed in its primary habitation, and will be added to the collection in the Hartlepool Museum. The toad when first released was of a pale colour and not readily distinguished from the stone, but shortly after its colour grew darker until it became a fine olive brown.—*Leeds Mercury.*

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